Montagu Talbot

Montagu Talbot.

Actor

Talbot

Montague Talbot.

Extract from C. M. Ingleby's "Man & The Book" 1877-81 Part 2.

But it is now time that we turn to the subject of the Ireland Forgeries premising that they constitute one of seven distinct sets of fabrications.

Chief of the other half dozen are the nine (or more) fraudulent MSS. purchased by Richard Fenton barrister, in 1807 at a sale at Carmarthen. I have not heard in whose custody they are at present. As they are perhaps the best things of their kind that have ever been done, one regrets that the name of their perpetrator has never been discovered, though the place at which they were purchased seems to point at Montagu Talbot the actor.※

We have an account of the purchase at page 29 & of the contents at page 187. The specimens are given on pp. 189, 190, 200, 202, 212, 233, 234, & 250. The spelling of these fragments is — pace Mr Jeremiah's dictum — passable, if not unexceptionable. My own impression is that they are from the same source as the Ireland forgeries.

Montagu Talbot, W. H. Ireland's confederate, once hailed from Carmarthen, where these fragments were bought. See Vindication page 12. Besides the twenty-four MSS. in the schedule of unproduced papers — Vindication p. 37 - viz:- "Brief account of his (Shakespeare's) life in his own hand" answers to No 4 of the Fenton MS.

※ "A Tour in Quest of Genealogy in Wales, Somerset & Wills by a Barrister, with a number of curious fragments from a MS. Collection ascribed to Shakspeare 1811."

C. M. Ingleby was evidently unaware that a portion (at least) of this MS. Collection had been published at intervals in the Morning Herald during the year 1796. The first installment appearing on 14th January 1796 with an account of their supposed origin & of their rediscovery. (See pp.). As C. M. Ingleby throws out a suggestion that these fabrications emanated from Montagu Talbot, because he once addressed a letter from Carmarthen, I tabulate such dates as I have been able to procure of Talbot's whereabouts, on or about the times when these fabrications were first published in the "Morning Herald."

Date installment of fabrication was pub.d in Morning Herald	Date and place of Talbots whereabouts
January 14th 1796. Communication dated Jan.y 9th from "Fishguard South Wales" 1st installment	Talbot travelled from Swansea to London on 29th Oct. 1795 and returned to Wales Nov 7th 1795 Talbot's letter to S.I. is dated Carmarthen Nov. 1795 & came to hand about the 3rd week in Nov.
Februdry 28th 1796 2nd installment	On April 9th 1796 S.I. addresses a letter to Talbot in Dublin.
December 26th 1796 3rd installment	On April 15th & July 1st Talbot in writing to Mrs Freeman addresses his letters from Dublin. On Sept. 16 1796 Talbot writes to S.I from Cork & in it he states that he is going to Swansea in South Wales. On Nov. 14th 1796 Talbot writes from Dublin to Mr Cole of Brewer Street On March 6 1797 Talbot again writes from Dublin to Mr Cole

Courier 8th Feb. 1811.

This day is published, [illegible] Eight Views, price 12s. boards, or but pressed; with first impressions of the Plates, price 18s.

A TOUR in quest of GENEALOGY through several Parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, in a Series of Letters to a Friend in Dublin: interspersed with a Description of Stonehend and Stonehenge: together with various Anecdotes of Living Characters, and curious Fragments from a MS. Collection ascribed to Shakspeare.—By A BARRISTER.

Published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

(THE EDITOR deems himself highly favoured by the above communication, and begs leave to solicit the continuance of so valuable a correspondent)

From the Morning Herald Feb'y 28th. 1796

SHAKSPEARE AND ANNA HATHAWAY

From the Manuscript Collection of Poems, Letters &c. written by W. Shakspeare, Anna Hathaway &c. lately found in Wales.

To her eune Levynge Willie Shakspeare

From mie throune in Willie' love,
Whilest meare than roialle state I preove,
Circledd preade withe mirtle ceroune,
I onne Englandes Queene looke deune.

And preude thie anna weile maie bee,
Few Queenes themselves mighte envie mee,
Whee searce in pallaces eann finde
Mie Willie s feme, withe Willie s minde.

This
Note. ~~Thesa are~~ poem was reprinted from FENTON'S 'TOUR IN SEARCH OF Genealogy'. G.H.L.

By feness foroidd to telle theire smarte,
And of the canker ease the harte,
Withe them alas ! too ofte tis seene,
The weeman sufferes for the Queene.

But, O ! withe us, meare blesse than thay,
Heere Happie Nature hathe her swaye,
Wee looke, wee love, and voyde of shame,
As soone as kindledd eune the flame

ANNA HATHAWAY BYE AVON'S SIDE

From the Morning Herald Dec. 26 1796.

SHAKSPEARE

~~Shew~~ The beauty of the following lines, will, no doubt render them acceptible to our Readers.
From the manuscript Collection of pieces in prose and verse by Shakspeare, A. Hathaway, Richard Sadler &c. &c. lately discovered in Wales.

TO MIE ABSENTE but expected Swayne
As sadde by Avons margo I stray
Ruffling her bosom with my teare
I sigh that Willies farre awaye
I weape ~~that~~ that Willie is not theare.

What is the streame that smoothlie flowes
What to me th' emproided meade
Nothing calme my bosom knows,
All is Desart where I treade

Forre alas! he is not bye
  Who, forre everie sounde and sighte
Best could pitch mie care and sie
  To the Kaye of trewe delighte.

There is joye in everie gale
  Everie branche of Songe is fulle
Summer laughes along the vale,
  Yett onlie I am colde and dulle.

But my winter nowe is past
  I from iccie bond, am free,
See mie Willie comes at last
  Willie is the sunne to mee.

A. HATHAWAY

The newspaper from which the above poem was copied was in such a torn state that I had difficulty in copying.

It is almost certain that there were several other extracts from the mysterious communicated to the Morning Herald between thdates Feb.28th. & Dec.26th 1796. but the papers were not available.

G.H.L.

EXTRACTS FROM 'A TOUR IN QUEST OF GENEALOGY IN WALES &c. IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND - - - - AND CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION ASCRIBED TO SHAKES PEARE, BY A BARRISTER (Richard Fenton) 1811.'

Fenton writing from Carmarthen on Oct. 19th. 1807. says "On our return from the mornings rambles, I was tempted to enter an Auction- room, where books were sellingin the Catelogue said to have belonged to a person lately deadwho had left very little more to pay for his lodgings, which he had occupied for three months only.
He was a stranger, had something eccentricand mysterious about him, passed off for an Irishman, but was suspected to be from North Wales. I bought two or three printed books, & one MS. 4to volume, neatly written, imported to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare &c Anna Hatheway whom he married, as well as letters to & from him & others, with a curious journalof Shakespeare, an account of many of his plays, and memoirs of his life by himself &c.
By the account at the beginning, it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare, which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales, whose ancestors had married one of the Hatheways, that to rescue it from oblivion a process was made use of, by which the original was sacrificed to the transcript.
I bought it f r half a crown & pursuading myself that it may be what it ~~premises~~ professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of .

Poetry alone! He is not one
Who, forms overlie sounds and sights
Most could pitch mile care and site
To the Kaye of brown delights.

There is love in overlie grile
Evorlie streams of songs is full
Sweet laughes along the vale,
Yett only I am solde and dulle.

But my winter rose is past
I from lonlie pond, am free,
See mie willie songs atlast
Willie is the sunne to see.

A.HATHAWAY

The newspaper from which the above poem was copied was in such a torn state that I had difficulty in copying.

It is almost certain that there were several other extracts from the mysterious commonplaced to the Morning Herald between March 2 & 2 Dec.28th. & Dec.28th 1796.but the papers were not available.

G.H.L.

EXTRACTS FROM 'A SUM IN DUPLICATE OF GENEALOGY IN WALES'
&.IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND - - - - -
AND CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT CONTINUATION
ASCRIBED TO SHAKES PEARE, BY A RAMBLIST(Pembroke)1811.

Pembroke wrotting from Glamorganshire on 24th.Jan.1809.says "On our return from the morrings rambles,I was invited to enter an Auction- room,where books were rolling.the Catalogue said to have belonged to a person lately deadwho had left very little more to pay for his lodging,which he had occupied for three months only.

He was a stranger,had something accentuated mustarche about him,passed off for an Italian,but was suspected to be from North Wales.I bought two or three printed books,& one MS.,a volume,mostly written, imported to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare & Anne Hathaway whom he married,as well as letters to & from his & others,with a curious journal of Shakespeare,an account of many of his plays,and memoirs of his life by himself &c.

By the account at the beginning,it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare,which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales,whose ancestors had married one of the Hathaways,that to rescue it from oblivion a process was made use of,by which the original was assimilated to the transcript.

I bought it & a half a crown & pursuading myself that it may be what it ~~seemed~~ pretendes,I am very proud of the acquisition.Some of the poetry is very striking,though full of odd conceits,yet much in the manner of our great dramatist.His journal,recording the most striking events,carries you back to the days of Queen Bess,and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of.

Among this fragments assoiled to Shakespeare, I have been been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint & brilliant conceits, and smaking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadleir, Henry Cuffe, &c, part of a journal, carried on for a month together, then suspended during four or five years; and memoirs of his own time written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious as they give you not only he costume of the age, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception.

The volume is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authentiicity.

I shall tack on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

With a ring in form of a serpent, A gift ~~of his~~ to his beloved ANNA, from W.S.

Withinn this gouldon ~~cirel lieses~~ cirolotte's
space,
Thie yvorie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altaur on mie lippe.

Then as thie finger it shall presse,
O! see its magicke not confinéd,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to cinde.

Yer though the serpent's forme it beare,
Embrace mie fond conceipt to sute,
Dred tou a foe in ambushe thearo,
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

The frute that Hymen in our reche
By Heven's fiiat commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breche
Of anie law maie pluck and taste:

Ropeted taste — and tell the joye
Of such a taste will neaver cloie,
So thatoure appetite wee bringe
Within the compass of this ringe.

A LETTER INSCRIBED TO MISTRESS JUDITH HATHEWAY, WITH MIE HARTIE Commendations.

GOOD COZEN JUDITH,

I am out of necessitie to enact rhe part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payd her owne dett; for in trying to save a little robin from the tiger jawe of puss, her foote slipped and her righte weiste thereoie putt out of joynte which hath bin see pawnfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her dell-icat frame verie weake and feeble, wherefore I have taqin her a countrie lodging, in a howse adjoyning the paddock of Sir Walter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of his new plant-called tioacca, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrowe for his thought, whiche U hear helpeth it muche, and may be said for a truth to enable him to drawe light from smoke.

Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint & brilliant conceits, and exhibiting strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Badlaire, Henry Duffe, &c, part of a journal, carried on for a month together, then suspended during four or five years; and memoirs of his own time written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the workings of his vast conception.

The volume is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authenticity.

I shall take on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

With a ring in form of a serpent, A gift ~~of his~~ to his beloved ANNA, from W. S.

~~Within this golden circlet-lodges circlette's~~ space.
This vivrie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altarr on mie lippe.

Then as thie finger it shall pressse,
O! see ite magicke not confined,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to cinde.

~~Sue thought the serpent's form it bore,~~
Emblome mie fond conceipt to auto,
Dead ton a fee in smoake thesre,
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

The frute that Hymen in our realme
By Heaven's first commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breache
Of manie law made pluck and taste:

Reported taste — and yett the love
Of such a taste will never cloie,
So thatoure appetite wee cringe
Within the compass of this ringe.

A LETTER INSCRIBED "TO MISTRESS JUDITH HATHEWAY, WITH MIE HARTIE Commendations.

GOOD DOKEN JUDITH,

I am out of necessitie to ownst the part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payd her owne dett; for in trying to save a little ryblin from the tiger jaws of pass, her foote slipped and her rlights wristo thoroole putt out of joynte which hath sin see perfrill as to bring on a feaver, and has left her doll-last frame verie weake and feeble, wherefore I have taken her a countrie lodging, in a howse adjoyning the cadhook of Sir Walter Rawleigh, at Islington, where that great man sint in, often regales him-self with a pipe of his new plant-called tobacco, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too near rowe for his thought, whichne U hear helpeth it moche, and may be said for a truth to enable him to drawe light from smoke.

In an evnyng he sumtymes condesends to fumigate my rurale arbourre withe it,and betweene evrie blast mai makes newe discovries,and contrives newe settelmentes in mie lyttle globe.

Mie Romeo and Juliett,partlie a child of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondlyng of itt,is nowe cute of leding strynges,and newlie launched into the world,and will shortlie kiss ~~mies~~ your faire hand. I think mie Nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah at Charlecot,I owne shee was mie moddel,and in mie Apottieary you will discover ould Gastrell,neere the churche at Stratford;but to make amendes for borrowing him for mie scene,I have got him sevralà preserved serpents,stuffed byrds,and other rare for aign productions,from the late circumnavigators.

Thankes for the brawne,which younge Ben,who suppd last nighte with us,commended hugelie,his stomach prooving he did not flater,and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford!

You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie-tree this scorching wether,the which you maye remembre that I planted when last with you, rather too late,after the Cuckow had sung on Anna's birth-daie,and I hope you maie live to gather berries from it,but not continew unweddid till then.

Have you got mie littel sonnett on planting it? for if you have not,it is lost,like a thousand other scraps of mie pen. And see poor Burton my ould schoolmaster,is gone to that ' ourne from which noe traviller returns.'I fancy I still see him,whenevrie Monday morning,as was constantlie his custome,he gave a newe pointe to his sprygges of byrch,growen blunted in the service of the forgone week;a practise felt throw the whole scheole,from top to bottome.- - - -

- -

You maie scene look to hear from your crippled kinswoman,whose limm is muche restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poultise:see fare ye well and lett us live in your remembraunce,as you assuredlie doe in that of your sincearе and lovying Cozen.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

From mie Logings t Iselinton,June 12mo,165...

Iwill send you another extract from my Shakespeare' unfailing garland,viz: a few items from his journal and a sample of his own memours y himself.

10 mo April 1595.Neere noondaye,and but juste stirring ringe,haveing tasted noe sleepe till after sunrise, mie chambere ando bedde haveing been greevouslie infested with fleas,which never weare remembred to swarme see abundantlie before,thewhole kingdome over. Sandie countryes more overrunne with this little bloode sucking varmin then others, which was confirmed by that which mie noble and trulie liberall patronne mie Lorde of Southampton,related yesterdaye morning of manie people within this moneth dying of a flea feaver neere the Erle of Kent's att a smalevyllage called Sylveshoe, being a soyle composed of sande.

In an evening he sometimes condescends to fumigate my little study with it, and between every pipe that makes new discoveries, and confirms new settlements in his lyttle globe.

Mis Romeo and Juliett, particle a child of young, for in its cradle you had the foreliving of it, is now onte of leading strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your fairie hand. I think mis Nurse must remyrd you of ould Debborah at Charlecot, I owne she was mis model, and in mis Apottheary you will discover ould Gastwell, nere the church at Stratford, but to make amendes for borrowing him for mis scene, I have got him several preserved serpents, stuffed birds, and other rare for sign productions, from the late circumnavigators.

Thankes for the crowne, which young Ben, who supped last nighte with us, commended magnifie, his stomach proving he did not fiaster, and drank the health of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

You are a good soule for molestinge mis humbertie-bree this scorchinge weather, the which you maye remembre that I plaided when last with you, rather too late, after the Queene had sung on Anne's birth-daie, and I hope you maie live to gether berries from it, but not sorthinew nuwedddi till then.

Have you got mis little sonnett on plantinge it? for if you have not, it is lost, like a thousand other scraps of mis pen. And see poor Burton my ould schoolmaster, is gone to that ' country from which noe travviler returns.' I fancy I still see him, whenevere Monday morninge, as was constantlie his custome, he gave a newe pointe to his sprynges of verse, growen blunted in the service of the forgone weeke; practise fort throw the whole schoole, from top to bottome. - - - -

- -

You maie some look to hear from your crippled kinswoman, whose limm is mishe restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poulticie: see fare ye well and let us live in your remembrance, as you assuredlie doe in that of youre sincere and loyvinge Cosen.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

From mis Logdge i Isolinton, June 12no, 1585...

I will send you another extract from my Shakespeare' unfailing garland, viz: a few items from his journal and a sample of his own memoirs y himself.

10 mo April 1595. Were monday, and but late sitting, having tasted mes sleepe till after sunrise, mis chambere sude hadde having been greevously infested with flies, which never were remembred to swarme see soundanklie before, throughe kingdome over. Sundie countries more overcome with this little bloode sucking vermin than others, which was conferred by that which mis noble and trusie liberall patronne mis Lorde of Southampton, related yesterdaye morning of manie people within this month dying of a flea fever near the Erle of Kent's att a smalevillage called Grivesbee, being a sovle composed of sande.

The Lorde honored me by callinge again again to-day and return dume

Mad M

The Lorde honored me by callinge again to-day, and returned me his tragedie of Richarde III,

[illegible]

[illegible] 25 me Sept. 1590. The [illegible] made [illegible] the Countesse of Pembroke [illegible] to request that I would sitt for his picture to a forainer, one Signior Zucaro, the legge of the [illegible] of my Pallace. Her Majestie I have [illegible] by, his, with my Lord Leicester, and it is [illegible] pure [illegible].

[illegible]

Having an ernest desire to learn [illegible], it was mie goede happ to have in my [illegible] an Italian, one Girolamo Allegri [illegible] name Francesco Manzini, [illegible] not what he wished to [illegible] of a gentleman, [illegible] was so [illegible] in the littel Italian I [illegible] me my Lattinge and Bandello's Novelle [illegible]. From this [illegible] I gatherd some delitesome flowers to stick in mie dreyttlye posyes. He was never [illegible] Battiste Tibaldi, [illegible] translation of the Greek poets, Homer, into Italian, he showed me a copye of it [illegible] gain his or the [illegible] Paolo Tibaldi.

He told me his unele's witt was greater an brilliant, and he [illegible] as well as them he was officiating at the shrine of one of the fruitlye of all the Greek Muses, and had left a large volume of particulars whilst [illegible] this [illegible], intitled, [illegible] digest it.

Althe he twisted no fish [illegible], yet he gathered some [illegible] words. I did [illegible] to be to [illegible] of flesse and blood, that [illegible] him.

His unele Stefie from [illegible] would give him a rise [illegible] for the [illegible]. [illegible] Italian stream tree [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] paper [illegible] hanging att his [illegible], [illegible] witt [illegible] he stedred to [illegible] [illegible] passione for a [illegible], [illegible] him to kill his [illegible] a doll.

[illegible] of [illegible] witt [illegible] brought up [illegible] in all kindes of [illegible], therewith he [illegible] say he could [illegible] out of [illegible], yett he would not [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] would yong [illegible] have [illegible]

Here follows Anna Hathaway's poem entitled 'TO HER OWNE LOVYNGE WILLIE SHAKSPERE' already copied in the extracts from The Morning Herald.

TO THE BELOVYD OF THE MUSES AND MEE.

Sweete swanne of Avon, thou whoose art I
  Can mould at will the human hart,
Can drawe from all who reade or heare,
  The unresisted smile and teare;

By thee a vyllege maiden found,
  No care had I for mesured sounde;
To dresse the lleece that Willie wrought
  Was all I knewe, was all I saught.

At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe,
  Enamored of thie songe I grewe;
The distaffe soone was layd aside,
  And all mie woork thie straynes supply'd.

Thou gavest at first th' inchanting quill,
  And everie kiss convay'd thie skill;
Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell
  The woundrouse force of suche a spell.

Nor marvell if thie breath transfuse
  A cha rme repleate with everie muse;
They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thyne
  Distill theire sweetes improv'd on myne.

ANNA HATHEWAY.

TO MASTER WILLIAM BENSON, MY MUCH ESTEEMED FREND,
And the DARLYNGE OF THE MUSES.
These from mie harte.

It rejoyceth me muche to heere that youre breaken legg is agen knytted together, and that it beginnes to looke and dyschaurge its office now as well as the othere. During youre payafull confinement with it, when it was dowtful how it would end, I seriowsly felt for you, and for the woorld, which in that shorte vacation from youre labors hath had a loss; and had notHeven presevid you to us, wold in youre deth have had such a loss that could not be repayred, with soe manie mistorys of art shut up in the cabbinett of youre braine that must have perysbed w th you.

Of youre unyversall alfabett I have allwaies spoken to such as have myhd enow to grasp the plan, as well as of that ereouse macheene for writing too letters at once, which was in it's nursey's arms when I sawe you last, but now arryved at maturitie.

Richarde Sadleir, who you maie remembere our puny littel schoole-fellowe, and who sayes he shallneaver forgett your savyng him from Dick the tanner his mastiffe, hath promysed, and his promyse is anesther woorde for purformance, to get his fathere, Sir Ralph, to interest the Queene's Majestie in your behaulfe, and bryngs your rare tallentes to herknolege; and the vennerable knight boastes of haveing more of the care of hys mystress then anie other of her courtiers, ashe knoweth better than most of them how th humore her.

I was yesterdaie honored byea visite from my Lorde of Cork, to whoom I speake in the warmest teammes of your ingenious conceiptes in all kindes

of mechannisme as well as sciences. He asked me if I beleeved you would not dislyke going ouver to Irelande, for he could serve you theare, wheare learning and the artes are in a lowe state.

He had a goodlie auld gentileman withe him, hys father-in-lawe, Sir Geoffry Fenton, reputed a greate statisman, and a persone hie in the Queene's favor he had travvyled muche over Europe, and sojorned, when, yong, long in Italy. He gave me the frame of a tragedie from a lamentabil storye, that fell out when he was at Lucca, and showed me noe smalle skille inhye hintes for putting it togither. He sayd he had at tymes amused hymselfe in making posies of the symple wild flowres growyng at the foote of Parnassus. He lamentid muche the mixteur of lowe ribbaldrie with some of mie mostmooving scenes. It was almost hosard, prophanacion I owned it was scarcelie against mie wille, but I kept a shop and must have wares for all customers. Att the requeste of a ladie of honore, noe less a personage than the Countesse of Pembroke, I had dropped the grave scene in mie Hamlet, butt the populace grew outrageious, and threatted to bury us all unlesse theire favorit parte was restorid. He presented me wyth a choyce discourse of his on love, printed at Padua, in goulden letters, and in soe smalle a forme as to go into the pocket of one's doublet.

It was noe good policie in you to open soe much of your scheame of the universall caracter to that Frenche Papist Gascoll, the apoticary, you had picked upp and harbourvd, for he has all the ayr of a treacherer. In future keep your harte more lockid, and give not the kay out to such as are woort thie of the truste; and of that number you maye safelie ventare to ranke your tried and faithfil servitor.

W. S.

TO THE PEERLESSE ANNA, THE MAGNET OF MIE AFFECTIONNES

Nott that mie native fieldes I love,
Swelles inmyne eie the scoulding teare,
Or biddes with sighes mye bosom heave,
A wyse man's countriesis everie wheare:

Nott that I thus am rudelye torne
Farre from the muses' haunte I love,
With manlie myndes this might be borne,
Else wheare the muse might friendlie proove.

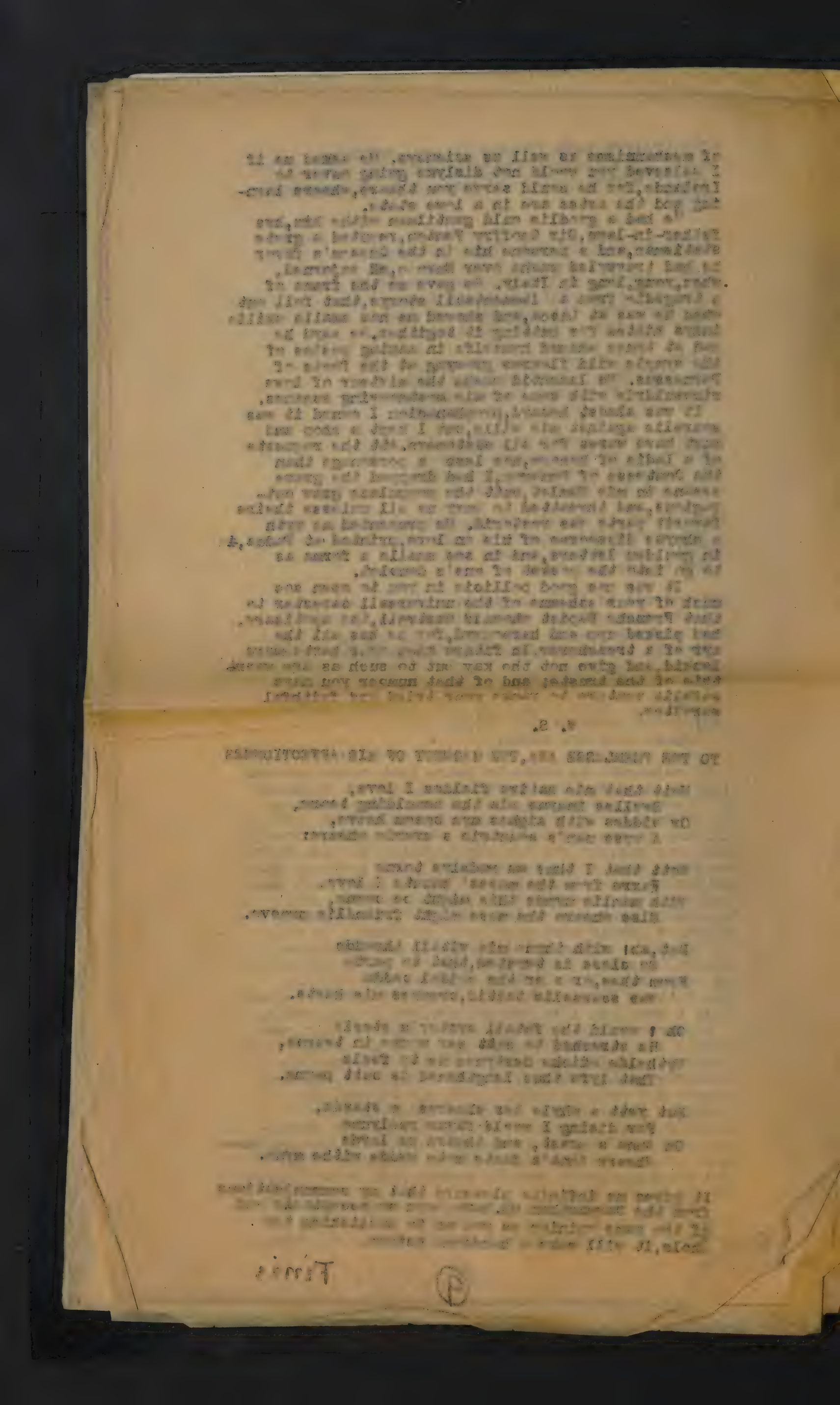
But, ah! with thyne mie vitall thredde
So close is twysted, that to parte
From thee, or ever the fatidal peddle
Was scarcelie tastid, breakes mie harte.

Oh! would the fatalle syster's steele
Be stretched to cutt hor worke in twyne,
Withholde whiche destynes me to feele
That lyfe thus lengthened is butt payne.

But yett a whyle her sheares be stayde,
For dieing I would fayne reclynne
On Anna's breast, and theare be layde
Wheare Anna's dusta mye wedde withe myne.

It gives me infinite pleasure that my communications from the Cardinal have been so acceptable and of the same opinion as you as to publishing the whole, it will make a handsome octavo.

Finis



TRANSCRIPT OF SOME LETTERS TO THE MORNING HERALD 1796. AND EXTRACTS FROM FENTON'S ' TOUR IN QEEST OF GENEALOGY 1811 being particulars of a fabrication in connection with the pseudo Shakspeare MSS.

IN his 'MAN & THE BOOK' Dr.Mansfield Ingleby says that fabrications of Shakespeare'verses appearing in a work entitled'TOUR IN QUEST OF GENEALOGY By A BARRISTER'(Richard Fenton) 1811'are perhaps the best thing of their kind that has ever been done'he 'regrets 'that the name of their perpetrator has never been 'discovered though the place ar which they were pur-'chased points o Montagu Talbot,the actor,my own 'impression is that they are from the same seurse 'as the Ireland forgeries.Montagu Talbot,W.H.Ireland's confederate, once hailed from Carmarthen.'

Such researches as I have made has more than borne out Dr Ingleby's suggestion & there is in my mind no doubt as to their being Talbot's composition.

After his discovery of Wm.Hy.Ireland being the fabricator of the Shakspeare MSS.Talbot was very anxious that some of his own compositionshould be included in the pseudo Shakspeare MSS.he urged this so strongly that at last Wm.Hy.-to get rid of him promised to send him the plans of some scenes in Vortigern' leaving the language for Talbot to fill in and to return them so that Wm.Hy.could copy them in the Tudor writing.

Wm.Hy.did not fulfill his promise & he completed the play alone.

On the 6th.January 1796 Talbot wrote to Wm.Hy. complaining that he was being kept in ignorance of the play.

I have discovered among some old copies of the Morning Herald one of 14th.January 1796 in which is asprinted letter to the Editor of 9th.January 1796 from Fishguard South Wales & will append a copy.

Neither Dr.Ingleby nor any other person are aware that Fenton's book was not the first account of this mysterious relic that had been published.

Talbot was in Carmarthen in January 1796 performing occasionally at the local theatre and making trips to Ireland on his theatrical businessThe place for embarking for Ireland from South Wales was Fishguard.

G.Hilder Lebbs

COPIES OF COMMUNICATIONS to the Editor of the Morning HERALD.

SHAKESPEARE & ANNA HATHAWAY

Mr.Editor FISHGUARD, SOUTH WALES,JAN.9th.1796

After professing to owe to your very entertaining publication for some time past the little knowledge I have had as to what is passing in the world, I hold myself more particularly indebted to it since the appearance of some lines ascribed to Shakespeare, for the recollection of a circumstance which may be the means of preserving several memorials of the life & genius of our immortal Bard.

About 30 years ago when a schoolboy,I remember to have passed a Christmas vacation at the house of an old Lady a relative of mine in Wales,one of whose ancestors han married married one of the family of the Hathaways of Warwickshire where I saw and was much delighted with a manuscript volume in 4to richly habited in crimson velvet, inscribed on the cover in embroidery of gold'The Swan of Avon'containing poems from Shakspeare to Anna Hathaway

before and after his marriage with Anne, and from her to him (for she too had tested it Sullens) together with her.

Being a Dumpsite of the old Lords are designed as a proof of it with a portrait of the rare Collection in which the set a high value, and the beauties of which she took particular pleasure to point out to me, discovering in all her observations unfeigned judgment and elegant taste. The prince of the house Hathaway & Shakspeare (which in ancient Days received the answer of these arms, and through the house I refer to had undergone many revolutions in that time, and my acquaintance with it was almost worn out, I resolved to range it for the purpose of making enquiries after the old velvet chair mentioned, which I was so fortunate as to find and be put in possession of, just in time to rescue it from collision out from the place being a damp closet unpervious of air or fire for twenty years and the state it was discovered in with the magnificent clothing in tatters and leaves sticking together, I trembled for its contents, yet after using as much art and persuasion as the compelling sisters of the Herculanean Fragments, I hope I shall be able to retrieve nearly the whole of this curious dissolution, though by a process which obliges me to sacrifice the original to the transcript.

Amongst other pieces already recovered and transcribed are Advice and Instructions to a Young Actor, in which occurs all that is said in his Hamlet on that subject qualified, the satirical Ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy who had prosecuted him from being concerned in poaching his deer park, and an interesting memorandum by which it appears that the book in question was the handwriting of Anna Hathaway and was presented by her as a memorial of affection to her cousin Judith Hathaway, which I presume was the same person that married in Wales.

I send you a specimen of Anna Hathaway's poetry the possible partners of which will, I trust pleasure at admission in your page, and which should not signify that such contributions would be acceptable nay, provided to those being offered entire to the public as followed successfully by memoirs of this inspired pair no less simple, poetical and impassioned.

B. B.

TO THE Youthe OF HIS HARTE. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Youthe is thine Arm, with tis nott
If everie Willie maydo the lott
To poaste a sonne to whome belonge.
Like thee, suche witching charmes of songe

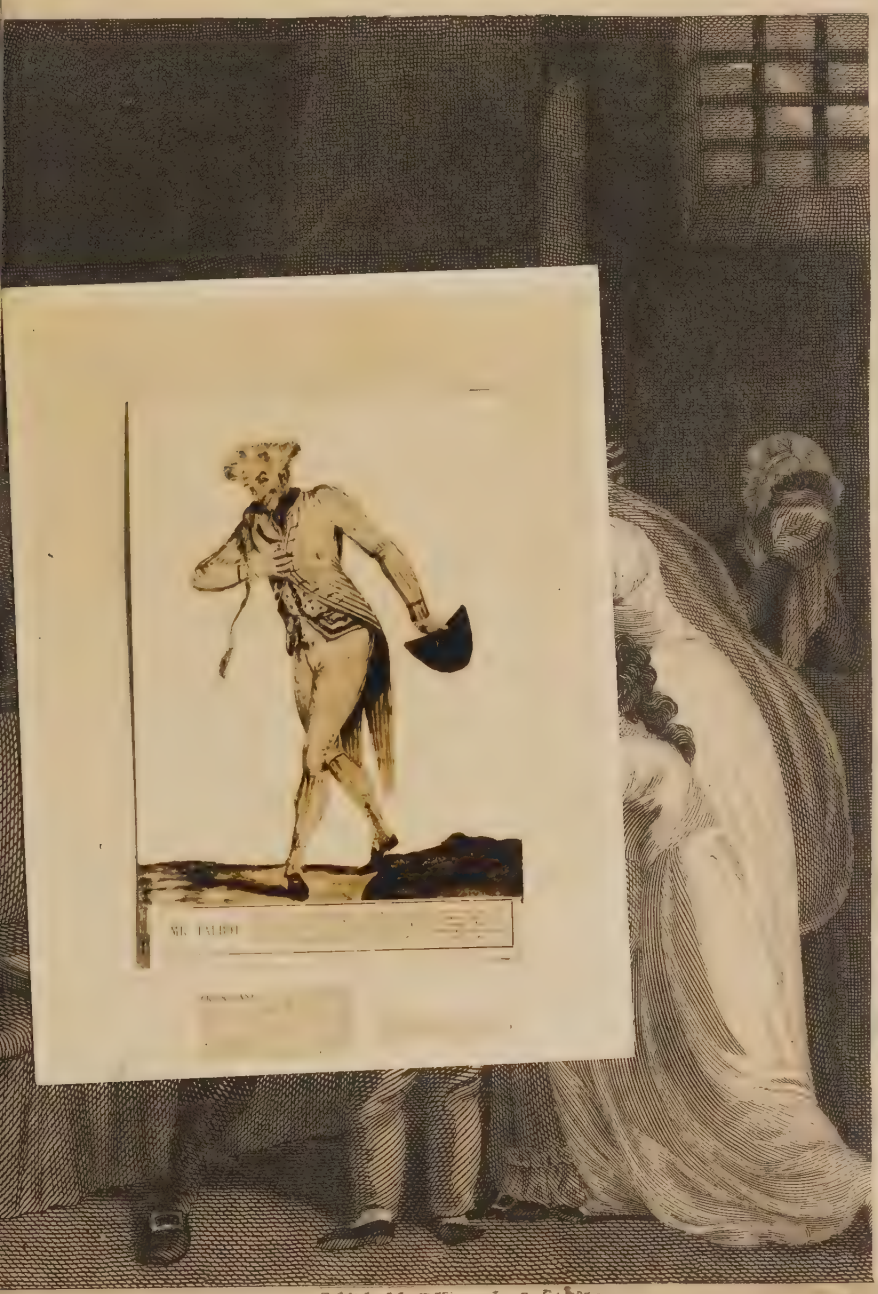
Other youthes have talked and prest,
Mie eare was shutt, and flinte mie orest,
As well to trie the oake to bende,
Or the Adamante to rende !

Butt Willies lave, suche majicks in't
Reach'd mie harte threw all the flesche,
Of Orpheus what the Poets faigne
Is realys'd in Willie's straine.
realys'd

Nee longer seldo, mie oreste supplyes
A alymat fitte for hatcheing sighes,
And lyned with downe from Venus' dove,
Mie harte is mere the reste of Love

ANNA HATHAWAY

Montagu Talbot



Published by T. Kinnersley Dec.r 1, 1814.

...us XVI taking leave of his Family previous to his ...

LON.
PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1811.

...ing of Ireland who wears on his finger what he asserts to be the real ring of our immortal Bard. His real name is Montague.
Gent's. May. Sept 1794.

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Molēgu Talbot

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Montagu Talbot

MONTAGU TALBOT

ue Talbot.

A

TOUR

IN QUEST OF

GENEALOGY,

THROUGH SEVERAL PARTS OF

WALES, SOMERSETSHIRE,

AND

WILTSHIRE,

IN

A Series of Letters

TO A FRIEND IN DUBLIN;

INTERSPERSED WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

STOURHEAD AND STONEHENGE;

TOGETHER WITH

VARIOUS ANECDOTES,

AND

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE.

BY

A BARRISTER.

Richard Fenton F.A.S of Glynamel Fishguard
Author of Illustrated Tour through Pembrokeshire 1810.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1811.

Dr C. Mansfield Ingleby in writing of this work in "The Man & the Book" was evidently unaware that the Shakespeare volume referred to in this Tour, had already been described and extracts printed in the Morning Herald in January & February 1796 the contributor signing himself B.B.

...ing young Ireland & who wears on his finger what he asserts to be the real ring of our immortal Bard. His real name is Montague.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor lamenting that the Copy of this Work was not accompanied with Drawings, as it refers occasionally to so many fine subjects for the pencil, and being possessed of several, which, though they have already ministered to the embellishment of a periodical publication, yet as they may serve to illustrate some of the scenes in the following pages, presumes to hope that the introduction of them here will neither be reprobated by the author nor unacceptable to the public.

The illustrations above referred to were drawn by J. Fenton according to the lettering upon them

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

Molāgu Talbot

lbot.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

MATTHEW FORTESCUE.

SIR,

By the abrupt departure of my friend, the writer of the following Letters, from England, in obedience to feelings whose imperiousness no human philosophy has been able to control, and in consequence of the gentleman to whom they were addressed having decided to publish them, a task has now devolved on me which I fondly flattered myself the author's return into his own country would have relieved me from; for which reason the publication has hitherto been delayed. But all hopes of that event soon taking place having vanished,

...ng young Ireland & who
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... His real name is Montague
...nls. May. Sept 1794.

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p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
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late Lieut Yates is under articles
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I hasten to fulfil an engagement I entered into conditionally. In my absent friend's last letter to me on this subject he says, "Do with my scraps what O'Brien and you may think fit; I have sought new countries, to contract, if possible, new thoughts, and should be happy could I discharge from my mind every idea that connects itself with a rooted sorrow that I am labouring to pluck from my memory, and shut out the past; yet there are circumstances during the little excursion you refer to that can never recur but with pleasure, for how can I forget the days we passed at Holnicote? therefore if any thing is done with the journal of my rambles, testify for me the respect and gratitude I shall ever entertain for that charming place and its amiable possessors." After such a declaration I think I cannot do less than inscribe this volume to you, as in doing so I know I am gratifying the proudest wish of the author, and at the same time affording myself an opportunity of expressing sentiments similar to his of Holnicote and its inhabitants, having the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

Humble servant,

H. JONES.

Bath, Nov. 20, 1809.

Molāgu Talbot

MONTAGU TALBOT

Talbot.

mined this large town, and have had the benefit of the Bush beds.

Yours, &c.

Carmarthen, October 19, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I AM told I have an hour to wait for the coach, and that I will employ to carry on my journal from my last. The evening of the day we arrived proved rainy, and kept us within, so we enjoyed our bottle and fire; and, after a cup of tea, some retrospective conversation about our last stage, with opinions of our fellow-travellers, and many comments on the whole, retired at an early hour, Jones having sweetened the latter part of it with some beautiful airs on the flute.

We rose refreshed, and, breakfasting early, we sallied out to see the town, situated on a gentle elevation above the Towy, which, though eight miles from the estuary, here feels the tide sufficiently to bring up large vessels to the quay.

Carmarthen is a large and populous place, and, being centrally situated, and a great thoroughfare, carries on an extensive trade. The ruins of its castle, which once appears to have occupied a large space, are not at all striking, and so from its peculiar situation, I am inclined to think the walls were never very lofty. The county jail, a large modern building, occupies part of its site.

...ed to my young Ireland & who ...ars on his finger what he asserts ...be the real ring of our immortal ...rd. His real name is Montague.

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Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797. p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin Mrs. Yates, the widow of the late Lieut Yates is under articles with the Irish Manager.

This town, though larger than Brecknock, much differs from that and most of the principal towns, as I am told, in Wales, in having but one church. This was the ancient Maridunum of the Romans, the walls of which, exhibiting portions of Roman masonry, were partly extant in the time of our earliest and curious tourist Giraldus, an acquaintance with whose life, learning, and Itinerary, we owe to a late splendid and entertaining work of Sir Richard Hoare.

The name of this gentleman connects itself with another late publication, claiming him for the author, namely, "*The Journal of a Tour through Ireland in* 1806," the amusing companion of my present excursion; a book, if you have not yet read it, I would strongly recommend to your perusal, as a model of a journal of that sort, in which there is more compressed than I ever saw in so small a compass, and more neatly. The general remarks that close the volume cannot fail to prepossess you in favour of the head and heart of the worthy Baronet. Before my route is finished, I may have occasion to call your attention to parts of the Journal as they strike me.

There are two banks in this town, with a capital to support them beyond the dread of failure; and as to attorneys, I am told they swarm, and are all men of fortune, how acquired perhaps their clients may tell you.

I was shown the gateway that led to the Priory, but nothing more remains of this once extensive and well-endowed religious house. At the other

Molegu Talbot

albot.

end of the town they say there was a small establishment of friars preachers, but no traces of it could be pointed out; however, in attempting to discover the site of it, I observed some curious earth-works, of various forms, and yet not like those so frequently occurring, evidently raised for military operations. I should be much inclined to think them Roman, and longed to have had time or permission to search into them

On our return from the morning's ramble, I was tempted to enter an auction-room, where, amongst other articles, books were selling, in the Catalogue, said to have belonged to a person lately dead, who had left, as I was informed, very little more to pay for his lodgings, which he had occupied for three months only. He was a stranger, had something eccentric and mysterious about him, passed off for an Irishman, but was suspected to have been one from North Wales. I bought two or three printed books, and one manuscript quarto volume, neatly written, importing to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare and Anna Hatheway whom he married, as well as letters to and from him and others, with a curious journal of Shakespeare, an account of many of his plays, and memoirs of his life by himself, &c. By the account at the beginning, it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare, which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales, whose ancestor had married one of the Hatheways, that to rescue it from oblivion a process was made

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Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797.
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use of, by which the original was sacrificed to the transcript. Bound up with it is another manuscript tract, written in an antiquated but fair hand, though on paper much discoloured and damaged, a collection of old Prophecies, translated from the ancient British language, supposed all to relate to Wales, with a note prefixed, importing that they were translated, during a voyage to Guiana, by a Welshman on board Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, and written with a pen made out of the quill of an eagle, from a finely illuminated vellum book, said to have come from the abbey of Strata Florida, and in the possession of a relation to the last abbot, then on board the same ship. This small tract appears to have been interleaved by the last, or some very late possessor, as a vehicle for *notes variorum* on several of the prophecies, which appear to be unravelled with considerable ingenuity, and a strong spice of satire; with an account how and when the notes, evidently very modern, were obtained. The style of the original has something very turgid and oracular in it. I bought it for half a crown, and persuading myself that it may be what it professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording, like most diaries, the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of. I know by this description I make your mouth water. Perhaps I

This tract is not referred to in the Morning Herald

Motagu Talbot

Talbot.

may treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago before I invite you to feast upon it.

But I find the mail is come in, and will soon proceed; I must, therefore, hurry to pay my bill, and hold myself in readiness, after a day's enlargement, to cage myself once more. Farewell; and expect to hear again, in a post or two, from,

Dear Charles,

Yours, &c.

---

land, the companion of my travels.

Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint and brilliant conceits, and smacking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion of it consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadleir, Henry Cuffe, &c.; part of a journal, like most journals, carried on for a month together, then suspended during a period of four or five years; and memoirs of his own time written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age he lived in, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception. As the volume professing itself to be a transcript of an old manuscript col-

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At the end of this long straggling place cross the river Tave, navigable thus far. Hence to *Tavern Spite*, an inn in a bleak situation on the edge of an extensive ill-cultivated tract, yet from which you command a most charming view, to the right, of a rich vale, backed by the range of the Pembrokeshire mountains, presenting a most beautifully varied outline; and on the left a view of the sea, and Tenby, marked by its lofty spire, at a distance. The name of this inn, one of our companions in the coach, seemingly a good Welshman, [illegible] abbot, then on board the same ship. This small tract appears to have been interleaved by the last, or some very late possessor, as a vehicle for *notes variorum* on several of the prophecies; which appear to be unravelled with considerable ingenuity, and a strong spice of satire; with an account how and when the notes, evidently very modern, were obtained. The style of the original has something very turgid and oracular in it. I bought it for half a crown, and persuading myself that it may be what it professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording, like most diaries, the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of. I know by this description I make your mouth water. Perhaps I

Molēgu Talbot

Talbot.

This is a quizzing age: every day begets Chatterons and Irelands. Tales of mystic superstition may be clothed in the most preposterous garb and in the wildest style of romance, and perhaps are entitled alike to the same degree of credit, whether fabricated for the moment, or traditionally handed down to us for ages. If we resume this subject, I shall pester you with the result. In the mean time I am, completely fagged,

cussion. Having exhausted our stock of conversation, we betook ourselves to our journals and particular studies; Jones, to arrange his botanical acquisitions; and I, to examine my late purchase of the Shakespearian manuscripts, and finish the perusal of Sir Richard Hoare's Tour through Ireland, the companion of my travels.

Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint and brilliant conceits, and smacking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion of it consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadleir, Henry Cuffe, &c.; part of a journal, like most journals, carried on for a month together, then suspended during a period of four or five years; and memoirs of his own time written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age he lived in, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception. As the volume professing itself to be a transcript of an old manuscript col-

Stourhead Nov 8 1807

P 59

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Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797. p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin Mrs. Yates, the widow of the late Lieut Yates is under articles with the Irish Manager.

lection found in a state of such decay as to render it necessary, on account of a curious process made use of, to sacrifice the original to the copy, is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authenticity; I believe I shall, if ever I succeed in my *Hwlfordd* adventure, and have leisure to arrange it, publish the whole; yet in the mean time I will not so far tantalize you as not to treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago, but shall tack on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

Preparing to retire, I have closed the Irish Tour, and am induced, from a passage I have just been reading, to ask you if the disgraceful custom of taking vails, censured in it, is so generally prevalent with you. Sir Richard Hoare says, "It has been justly remarked, and with credit to the higher class of society in Ireland, that it is easier for a stranger to find his way into their houses than out of them. Abolish the *vale* parting token which the menial servants in many houses expect, and Irish hospitality is complete." But I fear that it is not in Ireland alone that this most illiberal of all customs is found to obtain. Notwithstanding the abolition of it in many houses over England, to my knowledge, as it is not universal, the root of the evil remains, and, like all noxious growth, is known to spread apace. To get rid of it effectually, the whole kingdom must concur in a resolution to extirpate it, for, if but one fibre is left, it will again propagate. It is in vain for one spirited farmer to use every possible method to rid

Molāgu Talbot

albot.

his land of moles, if his neighbours around are not equally attentive, and disposed to combat the evil; and so it is with respect to vails; the rooting it out should become a national object, or the inconvenience will never be removed. The gentlemen of Norfolk once, at the great session, took it into consideration, and at that public season of meeting fell on such resolutions as freed the county from this odious tax on hospitality. Oh! that all counties would follow such a laudable example*!

My botanical companion, as well as myself, is more under the influence of the poppy than any other plant, at present; so adieu for to-night, and believe me ever

Yours, &c.

Out of a Manuscript Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse, said to be written by SHAKESPEARE to his Wife and others.

WITH A RINGE IN FORME OF A SERPENT, A GIFT TO HIS BELOVYD ANNA, FROM W. S.

Withinn this goulden circlette's space,
Thie yvorie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altaur on mie lippe.

* The placard they published was to this effect:—"January 1, 1766.—In pursuance of a regulation proposed and agreed to by the grand jury and principal gentlemen of the county of Norfolk, the custom of giving vails to servants ceases in that county."

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Then as thie finger it shall presse,
O! bee its magicke not confined,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to binde.

Nor though the serpent's forme it beare,
Embleme mie fond conceipt to sute,
Dred thou a foe in ambushe theare
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

The frute that Hymen in our reche
By Heven's first commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breche
Of anie law maie pluck and taste:

Repeted taste—and yett the joye
Of such a taste will neaver cloie,
So that oure appetits wee bringe
Withinn the cumpass of this ringe.

A LETTER INSCRIBED "TO MISTRESS JUDITH HATHEWAY, WITH MIE HARTIE COMMENDATIONS."

GOOD COZEN JUDITH,

I AM out of necessitie to enact the part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payd her owne dett; for in trying to save a little robin from the tiger jawe of puss, her foote slipped, and her righte waiste therebie putt out of joynte, which hath bin soe paynfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her dellicat frame verie weake and feeble, wherefore I have takin her a countrie loging, in a howse adjoyning the paddock of Sir Waulter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of

Montagu Talbot

Talbot.

his new plant called tibacca, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrowe for his thought, whiche I hear helpeth it muche, and may be said for a trueth to enable him to drawe light from smoke. In an evnyng he sumtymes condesends to fumigate my rurale arboure withe it, and betweene evrie blast makes newe discovries, and contrives newe settelmentes in mie lyttle globe. Mie Romeo and Juliett, partlie a child of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondlyng of it, is nowe oute of leding strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your faire hand. I think mie Nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah, at Charlecot; I owne shee was mie moddel; and in mie Apotticary you will discover ould Gastrell, neere the churche at Stratford; but to make amendes for borrowing him for mie scene, I have got him sevrall preserved serpents, stuffed byrds, and other rare foraign productions, from the late circumnavigators.

Thankes for the brawne, which younge Ben, who suppd last nighte with us, commended hugelie, his stomach prooving he did not flater, and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie-tree this scorching wether, the which you maye remembre that I planted when last with you, rather too late, after the cuckow had sung on Anna's birth-daie, and I hope you maie live together berries from it, but not continew unweddid till then.

[illegible] Ireland & who
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[illegible] the real ring of our immortal
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late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

Have you gott my littel sonnett on planting it? for if you have not, it is lost, like a thousand other scraps of mie pen. And soe poor Burton, my ould schoolmaster, is gone to that "bourne from which noe traviller returns:" I fancy I still see him, when every Munday morning, as was constantlie his custome, he gave a newe pointe to his sprygges of byrch, growen blunted in the service of the forgone week; a practise felt throw the whole schoole, from *top* to *bottome* . . . . . .

You maie soone look to hear from your crippled kinswoman, whose limm is muche restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poultise; soe fare ye well, and lett us live in your remembraunce, as you assuredlie doe in that of your sinceare and lovyng Cozen,

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

From my Loginge at Iselinton,
June 12mo, 155 . . .

Stourton, November 9, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

THE rosy-fingered morn opened my curtains, and presented me with a view illumined with sunshine, the snow that fell yesterday evening having been washed away by showers in the night, which had likewise mollified the air, and restored a parting farewell of summer. At this season of

Molāgu Talbot

Talbot.

the house in the morning, and so delighted we were to saunter where there was so much beauty to admire, in our way to, and round and up Alfred's Tower, that we agreed to abridge our walk, as the shades of evening were advancing, and make for our inn the nearest road. Wherefore, retracing our steps so far, we turned down the vale in which the Stour rises, from its six fountains; and not wishing to forestall the pleasure of examining the lower and most interesting part of that vale, where are concentrated the greatest attractions that the grounds of Stourhead can boast of, we turned up an oblique path, that brought us again out at the obelisk. Our dinner was well dressed, as usual, and our rambles had begot us an appetite that was not disposed to quarrel with the cook, and fitted us for enjoying our bottle of port by the Radstock blaze. Our conversation, as you may well suppose, chiefly turned on what we had seen; books, pictures, and painters, claimed a share; but Alfred's life we discussed critically and minutely, in doing which Jones lamented much that there was no translation of the Saxon Chronicle into English, with copious notes, and that the old Saxon language was not more studied; by the help of that well understood, he said, numerous errors would be corrected, and contradictions reconciled in our history; we should draw our information purer from the spring itself, than from the polluted streams at a distance from the source. He said he had always been puzzled to account for the Stourton arms,

on his finger what he asserts
he real ring of our immortal
His real name is Montague
nls. May. Sept 1794.

Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the Royal
niece to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

Monthly Mirror vol.
p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
Mrs. Yates, the widow of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

till he had heard, since his visit to this country, what was its origin; he was therefore highly gratified by seeing the spot that bears in nature what the Stourton family have represented on their escutcheon; and this was a bearing very characteristic of their great command, and particularly of their rights in the fishery of the Stour, co-extensive with its run: this was literally tracing their consequence to its source; few armorial cognizances have as much meaning as this, when once explained. He questioned if the Stourton crest was not a pun, being a *demi monk*, and might have been assumed on a marriage of one of the Stourtons with a *Le Moine*, by which their possessions were much increased; and the lady became *half a monk* only, her *better half* being then a *Stourton*. Jones having picked up this morning a rare plant he had been long in search of, is impatient to lay it out, by a process he makes use of, that though dried it will never appear shrivelled; so while the botanist is busy in his *hortus siccus*, I will send you another extract from my Shakespeare's unfading garland, viz. a few items from his journal, and a sample of his own Memoirs by himself. Adieu, and believe me

Yours, &c.

10mo April 1595. Neere noondaye, and but juste stirringe, haveing tasted noe sleepe till after

Montague Talbot

Talbot.

sunrise, mie chambere and bedde haveing been greevouslie infested with fleas, which never weare remembred to swarme soe abundantlie before, the whole kingdome over. Sandie countreyes more overrunne with this little bloode sucking varmin then others, which was confermed by that which mie noble and trulie liberall patrone mie Lorde of Southamton, related yesterdaye morning of manie people within this moneth dying of a flea feaver neere the Erle of Kent's, att a smale vyllege called Sylveshoe, beeing a soyle composed of sande.

Mie Lorde honored mee by callinge agen todaye, and returned me mye tragedie of Richarde III. which he was pleased to speake of in straynes of high prayse; not that I have haulf fynished mie crooke-backed tirante. *Flea-bitten* was wonte to be a terme of lowe reproche, but it can be no longer accomted soe, for mie Lord of Southamton complayned noe lesse than me of the plague of the past nighte; and I noted his linen, that it must goe with noe richer blazonrie then his poore fellowe-suffrers to the bucking; and the flea, this litle chartered lybertine, as impudentlie runs his capers in the Qeen's Majestie's ruffe, as Mistress Shakspere's.

25mo Sept. 1590. The honorable goode ladie the Countesse of Pembrok hath condescended to requeste that I would sitt for mie pictore to a forainer, one Signior Succaro, who loges at the back

on his finger what he asserts
the real ring of our immortal
His real name is Montague
ents. May. Sept 1794.

Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal
ffice to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
Mrs. Yates, the widow of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

of Ely Pallace. Her Majestie I have scene painted by him, withe my Lord Southamton, and it is a trulie rare creacion.

Out of Shakespeare's own Memoirs, by Himself.

Having an ernest desier to lerne forraine tonges, it was mie goode happ to have in mie fathere's howse an Ittalian, one Girolamo Albergi, tho he went bye the name of Francesco Manzini, a dier of woole; but he was not what he wished to passe for; he had the breedinge of a gentilman, and was a righte sounde scholer. It was he tought me the littel Italian I know, and rubbid up my Lattin; we redd Bandello's Novells togither, from the which I getherid some delliceous flowres to stick in mie dramattick poseys. He was nevew to Battisto Tibaldi, who made a translacion of the Greek poete, Homar, into Ittalian, he showed me a coppy of it givin him by hys kinsman, Ercolo Tibaldi.

He tould me his uncle's witt was neaver so brylliaunt, and he neaver compoasid soe well as when he was officiatyng att the shryne of one of the foulest of all the Roman dieties, and had left a large vollume of reflexiones whilst emploied after this sorte, intituled, *Pensieri digeriti.*

Altho he trusted me with muche, yet he smothered some secrettes whoose blazin was not to be to eares of fleshe and bloud, that dyed withe him.

Montague Talbot

MONTAGU TALBOT

Talbot.

His whole storie known meethinkes would have bin a riche tyssew for the Muses. By an Itallian stansa tyed rownd withe a knott of awborn hayer found hanging att hys brest, hys misfortun, and thatt mysterie he studyed to throwe over it, was oweing to an erlie passione for a fayer mayden at Mantua, whiche urgid him to kill his rivalle in a duell.

His knolege of dying woolle was nott that he was broughte upp to the trade, butt from his being deepe in all kindes of alkymy, wherewith he was wont to say he could produse gould owt of baser metalles, butt he would not increse the miseryes of mankynd. What would yong Benn have gyven to have knowne hym?

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on his finger what he asserts
the real ring of our immortal
. His real name is Montague.
ents May. Sept 1794

Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal
to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

Morning
p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
Mrs. Yates, the widow of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
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Montague Talbot.

By formes forbidd to telle theire smarte,
And of the canker ease the harte,
Withe them alas! too ofte 'tis seene,
The wooman sufferes for the Queene.

But, O! withe us, moare blest than they,
Heere happie Nature hathe her swaye,
Wee looke, wee love, and, voyde of Shame,
As soone as kindledd owne the flame.

Anna Hatheway
Bye Avon's Side

Extract from The Morning Herald. ~~Dec.~~ Feby. 26. 1796
The whole of this is in MS. in S. I's Journal

Shakspeare

The beauty of ye following lines, will, no doubt, render them acceptable to our Readers. From the MSS. Collection of pieces in prose & verse by Shakspeare, A. Hatheway, Richard Sadleir &c &c. lately discovered in Wales.

To mie Absente but expected Swayne
As sadde by Avons marge I stray
Ruffling her bosom with my teare
I sigh that Willies farre awaie
I weape that Willie is not theare.

What is the streame that smoothlie flowes
What to me th' embroidered meade
Nothing calme my bosom knows,
All is Desarte where I treade

For alas! he is not bye
Who, for everie sounde and sighte
Best could pitch mie care and sie
To the Kaye of Trewe delighte.

There is Joye in everie gale
Everie branche of Songe is fulle
Summer laughes along the Vale,
Yett onlie I am colde and dulle.

But mie winter nowe is past
I from ziccie bond, am free,
See mie Willie comes at last
Willie is the Sunne to mee.

A. Hatheway

This last poem being copied from a ~~MS.~~ MS. copy of the ~~printed poem in the~~ Morning Herald ~~& the writing~~ being difficult to decypher, it should be checked from the actual newspaper.

It is very probable that other extracts from this Welsh source were printed in "The Morning Herald ~~between~~ after the ~~dates of Feb 28~~ last given extract ~~& Dec. 26. 1796 & that S. I. omitted to place them in his Journal, therefore~~ the Newspaper File should be searched

~~The dates also given in [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] be the earliest [illegible]~~

A

TOUR

IN QUEST OF

GENEALOGY,

THROUGH SEVERAL PARTS OF

WALES, SOMERSETSHIRE,

AND

WILTSHIRE,

IN

A Series of Letters

TO A FRIEND IN DUBLIN;

INTERSPERSED WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

STOURHEAD AND STONEHENGE;

TOGETHER WITH

VARIOUS ANECDOTES,

AND

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE.

BY

A BARRISTER.

Richard Fenton F.A.S of Glynamel Fishguard
Author of Illustrated Tour through Pembrokeshire 1810.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1811.

Dr C. Mansfield Inglebby in writing of this work in "The Man & the Book" was evidently unaware that the Shakespearian volume referred to in this Tour, had already been described and extracts printed in the Morning Herald in January & February 1796 the contributor signing himself B.B.

local description), I am preparing to copy another sample of my Shakespearian collection, the production of a lady bard, Anna Hatheway, afterwards Mrs. Shakespeare (for she too, it seems, had tasted of Helicon); Jones has promised me a copy of his song, both which I shall inclose; so adieu, and believe me

The underlined phrase is used in the Morning Herald 9th February 1796

Yours, &c.

TO HER OWNE LOVYNGE WILLIE SHAKSPERE.

This poem was printed in the Morning Herald 28 Feb. 1796

From mie throane in Willie's love,
Whilest moare than roialle state I proove,
Circledd proude withe mirtle crowne,
I onn Englaunde's queene looke downe.

And proude thie Anna welle maie bee,
For queenes themselves mighte envie mee,
Whoo scarse in pallacis cann finde
Mie Willie's forme, withe Willie's mynde.

By formes forbidd to telle theire smarte,
And of the canker ease the harte,
Withe them, alas! too ofte 't is seene
The wooman sufferes for the queene.

But, oh! withe us, moare blest than thay,
Heere happie nature hathe her swaye;
Wee looke, we love, and, voyde of shame,
As soone as kindledd owne the flame.

ANNA HATHEWAY.
Bye Avone's syde.

of festival by him and his companions; and he was fortunate enough to have two or three friends in his native town of nearly his own age, with congenial talents, particularly the very person who wrote Titus Andronicus, which Shakespeare only revised and fathered; and two others, of the names of *Benson* and *Clopton*.

THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

MARGRAVINE ROAD (clxxvi. 300).—It keeps alive the memory of that upstanding Englishwoman, Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach, referred to at clxxii. 248. How much of a finger in the pie she had in the district may be gathered from her correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Cotton on the subject of her negotiations, from 1805, for the purchase of more land, for ready money, "near the Thames and near my Pavilion." These negotiations involved dealings with "crusty" Mr. Granger, his tenant, the "over-reaching" Mrs. Bagley, and "that horrible Mr. Ross." They were an effort to oblige the 4th Earl of Cholmondeley, one year her senior, who was "begging and praying most devoutly to be near" the former Lady Craven, "and his feet in the Thames."

These letters were written by the Margravine from her place at Benham and from Brandenburgh House, hers from 1792. Brandenburgh House had been built by Sir Nicholas Crisp and there, in 1821, poor Queen Caroline breathed her last. It lay between Fulham Palace Road and the river and, like the Margravine, gave its name to a local road.

FREDERIC CONNETT WHITE.
13 Cranham Street, Oxford.

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ANNA HATHEWAY.
Bye Avone's syde.

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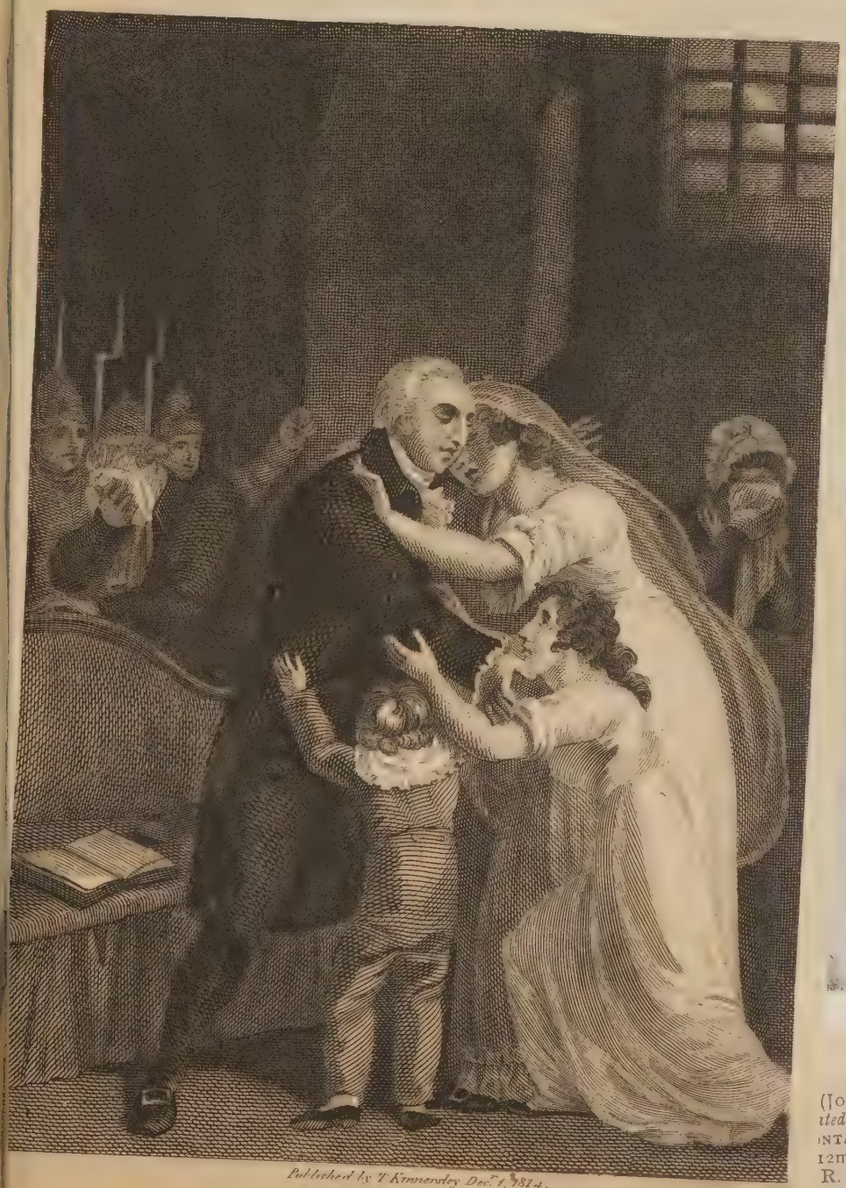
189

Molāgu Talbot



Published by T. Kimmerley Dec.r 1. 1814.

is XVI taking leave of his Family previous to his cro

(JOHN) Monsieur
ted by R. CRUIK-
NTAGU (H. W.)
12mo, illustrated
R. CRUIKSHANK,

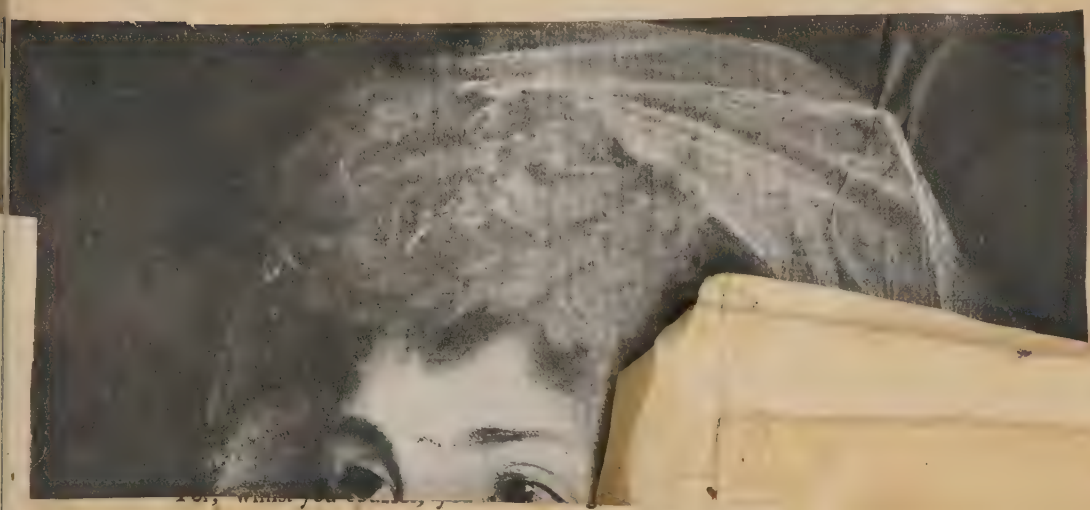
TRES, NOLAN'S
ls I-VI and IX-X,
portrait of Mrs.
and a colored one
ieur Morbleau, vol
4, 12mo, half roan,
1821-22

alluded to by young Ireland 4 ....
wears on his finger what he asserts
to be the real ring of our immortal
Bard. His real name is Montague
Gent's. May. Sept 1794.

Mrs. Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the Royal
Artillery, niece to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797.
p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
Mrs. Yates, the widow of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

Montagu Talbot



Then keep it till 't is fairly cold.

To scare my steps from Pleasure's bowers,
I value not what greybeards say;
That aspics lurk beneath the flowers,
That dang'rous syrens line the way:

road soon after him. Highly flattered and gratified by the entertainment we had enjoyed, we returned to our inn by ten o'clock, and, without trespassing on the hours of rest, had sufficient time to give you the journal of the day, and by the help of Jones, who is at another table copying out of my late purchased manuscript another sample of its contents in verse and prose, to inclose you a little poem by Anna Hatheway, which Jones speaks in raptures of; and a curious letter from Shakespeare to one of his early intimates in his native town. Adieu, and believe me, my dear Hibernian,

Ever yours, &c.

TO THE BELOVYD OF THE MUSES AND MEE.

Sweete swanne of Avon, thou whoose art *
Can mould at will the human hart,
Can drawe from all who reade or heare,
The unresisted smile and teare;

By thee a vyllege maiden found,
No eare had I for mesured sounde;
To dresse the fleese that Willie wrought
Was all I knewe, was all I saught.

At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe,
Enamored of thie songe I grewe;
The distaffe soone was layd asi le,
And all mie woork thie straynes supply'd.

Thou gavest at first th' inchanting quill,
And everie kiss convay'd thie skill;
Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell
The wondrouse force of suche a spell.

Nor marvell if thie breath transfuse
A charme repleate with everie muse;
They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thyne
Distill theire sweetes improv'd on myne.

ANNA HATHEWAY.

---

* By this Sonnet, as well as several parts of Shakespeare's manuscript journal, and the memoirs of his life written by himself, it appears that Shakespeare's dramatic genius had discovered itself very early, and that several scenes, afterwards, with slight variations, engrafted into his best plays, were exhibited at seasons of festival by him and his companions; and he was fortunate enough to have two or three friends in his native town of nearly his own age, with congenial talents, particularly the very person who wrote Titus Andronicus, which Shakespeare only revised and fathered; and two others, of the names of *Benson* and *Clopton*.

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ndonderry, Montague Talbot, esq.
e late Capt. George T. of the royal
Miss Emily Coote Bindon.

e Herald" Newspaper
husband of the ci-de
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d. His real name is Montague
Gent's Mag. Sept 1794.

Mrs Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal
Mr Y. the comedian, a

tes of Feb 28
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News pape File

129

late Lieu
with the Irish

TO MASTER WILLIAM BENSON, MY MUCH ESTEEMED FREND, AND THE DARLYNGE OF THE MUSES.

These from mie harte.

It rejoyceth me muche to heere that youre broaken legg is agen knytted together, and that it beginnes to looke and dyschaurge its office now as well as the othere. During youre paynfull confinemente with it, when it was dowtful how it would end, I seriowsly felt for you, and for the woorld, which in that shorte vacation from youre labors hath had a loss; and had not Heven presevid you to us, wold in youre deth have had such a loss that could not be repayred, with soe manie misterys of art shut up in the cabbinett of youre braine, that must have peryshed with you.

Of youre unyversall alfabett I have allwaies spoaken to such as have mynd enow to grasp the plann, as well as of that cureouse macheene for writing twoo letters at once, which was in it's nursy's armes when I sawe you last, but now arryved at maturitie.

Richarde Sadleir, who you maie remembere our puny littel schoole-fellowe, and who sayes he shall neaver forgett your savyng hym from Dick the tanner his mastiffe, hath promysed, and hys promyse is anoather woorde for purformaunce, to get his fathere, Sir Ralph, to interest the Queene's Majestie in your behaulfe, and bryng your rare tallentes to her knolege; and the vennerable knight boastes of haveing more of the eare of hys mystress then

Moltegu Talbot

anie other of her courtiers, as he knoweth better than most of them how to humore her.

I was yesterdaie honored by a visite from my Lorde of Cork, to whoom I spoake in the warmest tearmes of your ingeniouse conceiptes in all kindes of mechannisme, as well as sciencys. He asked me if I beleeved you woold not dislyke going oaver to Irlande, for he could sarve you theare, wheare larning and the artes are in a lowe state. He had a goodlie ould gentilman withe hym, hys father-in-lawe, Sir Geoffry Fenton, reputed a grete statisman, and a persone hie in the Queene's favor; he had travvyled muche over Europe, and sojorned, when yong, long in Italy. He gave me the frame of a tragedie, from a lammentabil storye, that fell out when he was at Lucca, and showed me noe smalle skille in hys hintes for putting it togither. He sayd he had at tymes amusyd hymselfe in making posies of the symple wild flowres growyng at the foote of Parnassus. He lamentid muche the mixteur of lowe ribbauldrie with some of mie most mooving sceanes. It was almost, he sayd, prophanacion. I owned it was soarelie against mie wille, but I kept a shop, and must have wares for all customers. Att the requeste of a ladie of honore, noe less a parsonage than the Countesse of Pembrok, I had dropped the grave sceane in mie Hamlett, butt the poppulece grew outragiouse, and threatted to bury us all unlesse theire favorit parte was restorid. He presented me wyth a choyce discoorse of his on love, printed

89

ring up
al name is Monday
g. Sept 1794.
Lieut. Y. of the Royal
Y. the comedian, a

1797.
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Yates, the
the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

at Padua, in goulden letters, and in soe smalle a forme as to go into the pocket of one's dublet.

It was noe good pollicie in you to open soe much of your scheame of the universall carecter to that Frenche Papiste* who ould Gastrell, the apoticary, had picked upp and harbouryd, for he has all the ayr of a treacherer. In future keep your harte more lockid, and give not the kay but to such as are woorthie of the truste; and of that number you maye safelie venture to rank your tried and faithful sarvitor,

W. S.

Warminster, November 15, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

LONGLEAT, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Bath, having been pointed out to us as well worth visiting, and by way of foil, to set it off, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, which we must pass in our way thither, they both lying not far out of our direct course to Heytesbury; and Jones recollecting that he had an acquaint-

* Jones recollects to have seen among his father's memoranda a reference to a curious letter, dated 1641, from Doctor Griffith Williams, a Welshman, then Bishop of Ossory, about being consulted by King Charles I. respecting an invention by an unknown Frenchman, born in Geneva, for an *universal character*; probably a descendant of the very Papist Shakespeare refers to, as having drawn the secret from his friend Benson.

Moltegu Talbot

with a noble library, a fine collection of drawings and prints, and a curious cabinet of coins. These new possessions suddenly showered upon him, infinitely exceeding his taste, his expenses, or his desires, became a source of new disquietude. His literature was too abstruse to be useful to the world or profitable to himself; and his independence only generated a sort of pride that aspired to attentions he had no claim on, and, from his recluse life, he had no chance of receiving; yet the hermit, shrinking from observation, too modest to court notice, and too humble and primitive to figure away as a modern high churchman, thinks his lot hard to have been so overlooked, and that his temples have not felt the embrace of the mitre." The stroke of twelve now put us in mind of retiring, and we separated for the night. We rose early, and whilst I was winding up my journal, our masked friends, apologizing for their intrusion, stripped of noses, wigs, and all disguise, came to wish us a good morning, with the hope that some accident might again throw us into each other's company. Hearing I have half an hour yet to breakfast, Jones being gone with the landlord of the inn to see a botanist a little way out of the town, and to inquire for a rare plant whose *habitat* is mentioned in this neighbourhood, I shall copy out a little poem of Shakespeare's, which, if it pleases you half as much as it has done me, you will thank me for inclosing.

Adieu, &c.

3. 1797.
Dublin
of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

real ring
real name is Mo
May. Sept 1794.
de of Lieut. Y. of the royal
Y. the comedian,

TO THE PEERLESSE ANNA, THE MAGNETTE OF MIE AFFECTIONNES.

Nott that mie native fieldes I leve,
  Swelles in myne eie the scaulding teare,
Or biddes with sighes mye bosom heave,
  * A wyse man's countrie 's everie wheare:

Nott that I thus am rudelye torne †
  Farre from the muses' haunte I love,
With manlie mynde this might be borne,
  Else wheare the muse might friendlie proove:

But, ah! with thyne mie vitall thredde
  So close is twysted, that to parte
From thee, or e'er the bridal bedde ‡
  Was scarselie tastid, breakes mie harte.

Oh! would the fatall syster's steele
  Be streched to cutt her worke inn twayne,
Wythelde whiche destynes me to feele
  That lyfe thus lenthen'd is butt payne.

---

* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the Life of Milton, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist:

"*Patria est, ubicunque est.*"

† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anna clearly settles.

‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

Molesqu Talbot

But yett a whyle her sheares be stayde,
For dieing I woold fayne reclyne
On Anna's brest, and theare be layde
Wheare Anna's duste mote wedde withe myne.

---

dress, whom the spirit never once moved to utter a syllable, not permitting his rigid stiffness to relax into a yea or nay; the other an Italian, with the looks of an hereditary assassin, and a stiletto in every feature, who was as silent as the Quaker, but whose countenance spoke more, I fear, than his tongue could dare to utter. I learned that he was confidential valet to a great man: what a re- of preferring a set of foreign mis- filled to empower me to complete the business he had to transact, and to make his will. He told me he had left us both trustees for his nephew, young Benson; and as to publishing his Letters, as well as the contents of his Carmarthen manuscript, he left that totally to you and me, saying, he felt but little interest in any thing now. His fortitude then forsook him, his manly cheek was wet with tears, his heart was bursting. At last, grasping me by the hand, in an agony of conflicting passions, with "Remember me to O'Brien," which were his last words, he turned from me, never looked back, rushed into the chaise, and

3. 1797.
Dublin
of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish manager.

real name is
nay. Sept 1794.
e of Lieut. Y. of the royal
M. Y. the comedian, a

It gives me infinite pleasure to find that my communications from the Carmarthen manuscript have been so acceptable, and that Conolly is of the same opinion with you as to publishing the whole, which, from looking more into the contents of my purchase, will make a handsome modern octavo, what with the Shakespearian farrago, the prophecies, and two or three whimsical scraps of more recent date, probably collected by the person who last owned the book. I shall therefore avoid giving the chance of publicity to more of my ancient treasures, and yet I cannot forbear treating you with a specimen of the prophecies and their *notes variorum*, which I shall tack on to my next, having already pledged myself in this to give you the antiquarian sonnets I have referred to, and which Jones at another table is now copying to be inclosed.

That lyfe thus lentheth u is butt payne.

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* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the Life of Milton, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist:

"*Patria est, ubicunque est.*"

† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anne clearly settles.

‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

Moltegu Talbot

time. Jones has not been idle; for having left him the manuscript farrago I picked up in Wales, he has most judiciously arranged it for the press, and out of the rudiments of a tragical event at Lucca, as found among Shakespeare's memoranda, and communicated to him by a gentleman he there names and refers to, has sketched the outline of a most interesting tragedy, and has filled up three acts in so masterly a manner as bids fair to restore Melpomene to her pristine rank in the British drama. But yet when he has finished it, it will be difficult to prevail on him to bring it before the public, such is his extreme diffidence and genuine modesty, without a particle of affectation, owing to which I fear his great abilities will be lost to the world. I shall be nearer to you in my next, which I hope will be dated from among the mountains in North Wales; so, till then, adieu!

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filled to empower me to complete the business he had to transact, and to make his will. He told me he had left us both trustees for his nephew, young Benson; and as to publishing his Letters, as well as the contents of his Carmarthen manuscript, he left that totally to you and me, saying, he felt but little interest in any thing now. His fortitude then forsook him, his manly cheek was wet with tears, his heart was bursting. At last, grasping me by the hand, in an agony of conflicting passions, with "Remember me to O'Brien," which were his last words, he turned from me, never looked back, rushed into the chaise, and

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1797.

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e of Lieut. Y. of the royal

Yates, the widow of the late Lieut Yates is under articles with the Irish Manager.

drove off. I shall be here for at least a fortnight, before I can finish the business left me to accomplish; so I may hope to hear from you, and it would be but charity to endeavour to raise the depressed spirits of, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

H. Jones.

I have been successful in my mission, am returned in health, and continue to have favourable accounts from Madeira. During my absence I have lost my excellent uncle, who had always been a second father to me, and has left me the last survivor of my family. Having never been married, and having no relations that required a provision, he had so disposed of his property as to give him a greater life income, and by that means a greater command of such things as gratified his fine taste, and contributed to his ease and comfort. Personal property was all he had to leave, and that he be-

That lyfe thus lenthen'd is butt payne.

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* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the Life of Milton, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist:

"*Patria est, ubicunque est.*"

† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anna clearly settles.

‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

Moleqn Talbot

Bangor, June 13, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHAT I long dreaded has come to pass; our friend this morning received letters full of alarm as to the state of her health for whom he lives; and he has torn himself from me in a state of distraction, resolved instantly to set sail for Madeira. I offered him all the consolation I had to give, or that friendship could dictate; but "who can medicine to a mind diseased?" After the first paroxysm, summoning his fortitude, he became calm enough to have a letter of attorney filled to empower me to complete the business he had to transact, and to make his will. He told me he had left us both trustees for his nephew, young Benson; and as to publishing his Letters, as well as the contents of his Carmarthen manuscript, he left that totally to you and me, saying, he felt but little interest in any thing now. His fortitude then forsook him, his manly cheek was wet with tears, his heart was bursting. At last, grasping me by the hand, in an agony of conflicting passions, with "Remember me to O'Brien," which were his last words, he turned from me, never looked back, rushed into the chaise, and

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L.3.1797.
Dublin
...w of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

His real na...
...nl's. May. Sept 1794.
... Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal
... to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

Montagu Talbot

Talbot was an admirable young *Mirabel* and the like; he was so learned in the art of the toilet, that he not only *painted* with a camel's-hair brush his moustache and whiskers upon his lip and cheeks, but also painted in sepia and Indian ink *curls* upon his forehead, and this so admirably that the deception could not be detected even in the orchestra.—*Records of a Stage Veteran.*

Richard Jones.

1778-1851.

Who is this? all boots and breeches,
Cravat and cape, and spurs and switches,
Grins and grimaces, shrugs and capers,
With affectation, spleen, and vapours?
Oh, Mr. Richard Jones, your humble—
Prithee give o'er to mouth and mumble:
Stand still, speak plain, and let us hear
What was intended for the ear.
In faith, without the timely aid
Of bills, no part you ever played—
Hob, Handy, Shuffleton, or *Rover,*
Sharper, stroller, lounger, lover,
Could, amid your madcap pother,
Ever distinguish from each other.
'Tis true that Lewis jumps and prates,
And mumbles and extravagates;
And it equally as true is
That, Mr. Jones, you are not Lewis.
If, Jones, to your ears my caustic lays
May seem too niggard of their praise,
Perhaps it's true, and shall I own
They seem not so to you alone?
And fear'd I not to turn a brain
Already too volatile and vain,

---

by the favour of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." He afterwards wrote a tragedy, which he called "Vortigern and Rowena," the composition referred to in the text. This was also believed to be Shakspeare's, and was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. The fraud was detected by Malone. Ireland afterwards published a book which he called his "Confessions."—ED.

HN) Monsieur
! by R. CRUIK-
AGU (H. W.)
no, *illustrated*
. CRUIKSHANK,

ES, NOLAN'S
I-VI and IX-X,
portrait of Mrs.
ind a colored one
Bartley as Q.
of Mr. Talbot as Monsieur Morbleau, vol
IX *wants title*, 8 vols in 4, 12mo, *half roan*,
158 1821-22

he husband
Yates, the Actress is the Mr Talbot
supposed to be the Gent. so frequently
alluded to by young Ireland & who
wears on his finger what he asserts
to be the real ring of our immortal
Bard. His real name is Montague.
Gent's. May. Sept 1794.

Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797.
p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin
Mrs. Yates, the widow of the
late Lieut Yates is under articles
with the Irish Manager.

Mrs. Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal
navy, and niece to Mr. Y. the comedian, a

Montague Talbot was the light [illegible] line of characters was the elegant and refined gentleman of the old school. Talbot was a distinct actor from Lewis, who excelled in another range. With such rare qualities Talbot could not get a position in London. Both of the great houses were barred against him, and finding metropolitan renown was out of his reach, he determined to remain in a land that appreciated his abilities; and in 1809 the Belfast Theatre came under his sway, where for a number of years he ruled the destinies of the drama with credit and honour.—*Walter Donaldson.*

Henry Ireland had been an early associate and friend of Montague Talbot. They resided *vis-à-vis*, in chambers on the ground floor, in a narrow court in the Temple when youths. They had but one heart, one mind; all between them was candour and confidence. It happened, however, that all at once Talbot found his friend reserved in his manner and secluded in his habits. The suddenness of the change was remarkable. It was evident that Ireland had some secret and absorbing occupation; and whenever Talbot attempted to enter his friend's chamber, he found the door locked, and always had to wait a few minutes before he obtained admission. He then observed that Ireland's desk was closed and all papers hidden—a new custom. At first Talbot rallied Ireland upon his unwonted reserve, then reproached him for it. All was alike in vain: Ireland seemed resolved that he should not penetrate the "heart of his mystery," and Talbot's curiosity was upon the rack. One morning, the day being warm, Ireland had opened the window of his den, and placing himself before it at his desk, with the door locked, he was so situated as to be able to discern an interloper. Thus it seemed impossible that a surprise could happen. Talbot withdrew from his own desk—also at the window—for some time, in order to lull suspicion in Ireland's mind, and afterwards crept out of his door upon his hands and knees, till he arrived under the window, where his unconscious friend sat in fancied security. Talbot then raised himself slowly and quietly, and when he had attained the window-sill, dexterously darted up and pounced upon Ireland's papers. . . . . Thus caught, poor Ireland made a merit of communicating what he could no longer withhold, and ingenuously owned his Shakspeare forgeries to his friend, before public detection, in a no less determined manner, compelled him to make his confessions to the world. From this moment Talbot saw the progress of his clever imposition, although he did not assist in it.[1]—*Life of Mathews.*

In New Inn not in the Temple

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[1] Ireland was sixteen years of age when he forged a series of papers which he ascribed to Shakspeare. The papers wer submitted to a number of literary persons, among whom were Dr. Parr, James Boswell, Herbert Croft, Pye (poet laureate), and Valpy, who wrote the following certificate: "We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and

MRS. YATES BY GEORGE ROMNEY

Gents. Mag. Supt 1800 comedian of Dublin, His

At Londonderry, Montague Talbot, esq. son of the late Capt. George T. of the royal navy, to Miss Emily Coote Bindon.

"The Herald" Newspaper Dec. 4th 1797 The husband of the ci-devant Mrs. Yates, the Actress is the Mr Talbot supposed to be the Gent. so frequently alluded to by young Ireland & who wears on his finger what he asserts to be the real ring of our immortal Bard. His real name is Montague

Gents. Mag. Sept 1794.

Mrs. Yates, wife of Lieut. Y. of the royal navy, and niece to Mr. Y. the comedian, a son. This lady has performed with much applause at the Hay-market and Covent-garden theatres.

Mrs Yates, the famous actress died in 1787 aged 59.
The ci-devant Mrs Yates was the Mrs Yates mentioned in the above cutting from the Gents. Mag.
See overleaf for further particulars of the ci-devant Mrs Yates.

CRUIKSHANK.—TAYLOR (JOHN) Monsieur Tonson, 1830, 12mo, *illustrated by* R. CRUIKSHANK, *paper covers.*—MONTAGU (H. W.) Monsieur Mallet, 1830, 12mo, *illustrated with six beautiful designs by* R. CRUIKSHANK, *paper covers.*—

——— DUBLIN THEATRES, NOLAN'S Theatrical Observer, Vols I-VI and IX-X, *view of the new theatre, portrait of Mrs. Bartley as Q. Katherine, and a colored one of Mr. Talbot as Monsieur Morbleau, vol* IX *wants title*, 8 vols in 4, 12mo, *half roan*, 15s 1821-22

Monthly Mirror Vol. 3. 1797. p. 120 Theatre Royal Dublin Mrs. Yates, the widow of the late Lieut Yates is under articles with the Irish Manager.

Gents. Mag. Dec. 1800

Mr. Talbot, late of Drury-lane theatre, to Miss Binsen, of Dublin theatre.

Pinkstan Blackwood, esq. surgeon of the North Down militia, to Miss Mary Hamilton, daughter of John H. esq. of Belfast.

Lieut. Cook, of the 16th foot, to Miss Maguire, daughter of the late John M. esq.

At Londonderry, Montague Talbot, esq. son of the late Capt. George T. of the royal navy, to Miss Emily Coote Bindon.

At Limerick, Sam. Fennel, esq. to Miss Bindon, daughter of the late Major B.

Gents. Mag. Oct 1797

At Limerick, Mr. David Bindon, son of the late H. W. B. esq. recorder of that city

Montagu Talbot

1868 THE LATE MR. SAMUEL LOVER. 1797-1868

THE LATE SAMUEL LOVER.

The death of Mr. Samuel Lover, author of many popular tales and songs illustrative of Irish character, was announced last week. This genial poet and humourist was born in Dublin, in 1797, being son of a stockbroker in that city. He began life as an artist, and soon won sufficient reputation to be elected, in 1828, a member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. He afterwards became secretary to that institution. Beginning the practice of his art as a miniature-painter in Dublin, he executed portraits of the Marquis of Wellesley (Lord Lieutenant), the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and other persons of the Irish aristocracy, by whose patronage he might have hoped to attain a lucrative professional position. But his versatile genius led him to prefer a literarycareer. A series of "Legends and Tales," originally contributed to a Dublin magazine, was his first avowed publication. It was dedicated "to Sir Martin Archer Shee, a painter, a poet, and an Irishman," by the author, who in himself combined all three titles.

LOVER (Samuel) Novelist, Two A. L. s. 5 pp. 8vo, *St. Helier's, Jersey*, 18*th Dec.*, 1867, *etc.*, to Harrison Ainsworth, relative to the :

Remarkable instance of bad feeling and bad taste on the part of Moore (Tom) at the dinner which Bentley gave in his honour ... Moore's offensive expressions, and my sharp and conclusive remarks on the same: Moore's and Luttrell's immediate departure, and Moran's (sub.-Edr. of Globe) proposal to drink Moore's health, by way of covering his retreat ... it was *you*, who in a generous spirit of indignation rebuked the toadyism of Moran, with an emphatic assertion that "I have always behaved like a man among men," proposed *my* health instead of Moore's which was received by cheers from the rest of the company, etc. (4)

Records of a Stage Veteran
Talbot was so learned in the art of the toilet that he not only painted with a camel's-hair brush his moustaches and whiskers upon his lips and cheeks, but also painted in sepia and Indian ink curls upon his forehead, and this so admirably that the deception could not be detected even in the orchestra

The ci-devant Mrs. Yates
See over leaf
Gents. Mag. Aug. 1796

Thomas Yates, esq. a lieutenant in the Navy (to which rank he was admitted June 24, 1782) and an artist of some merit, having published prints from drawings by himself of two celebrated naval actions. He was great-nephew to the late celebrated Comedian (p. 525), but by whom he had for some years been unaccountably neglected; and he has now lost his life in consequence of a dispute with Miss Jones relative to the possession of the theatrical veteran's house in Stafford-row, which Miss Jones considered to be her property (see p. 526); and in which for some little time they both resided. On the 18th of August, Mr. John Sellers was brought into the house, to protect Miss Jones and her property; and, on the 21st, Richard Footner was introduced for the same purpose. On the 22d, the wife of Mr. Yates being absent, he dined alone about three o'clock; and, walked after dinner into the garden at the back of the house. On his return, the door being fastened, his servant, Mary Thompson, attempted to get him in at the kitchen window. One of the persons who had fastened him out, finding that he was likely to gain admittance, fired a pistol, the ball from which entered the right side of Mr. Y. The noise giving an alarm, some neighbours climbed over the garden-wall, where they found Mr. Y. bleeding. Dr. Cruikshanks attended him twice the same evening, and had great hopes; but next morning, at nine, pronouncing the wound mortal, Mr. Y. made his will, and expired about noon, leaving five children, and a widow pregnant with a sixth (Mrs. Yates is very elegant in her person, and made her appearance last season at Covent-garden theatre, in the character of the Grecian Daughter.) In consequence of the coroner's inquest, Sellers, Footner, and Elizabeth Jones, after a regular examination at the public office in Bow-street, have been committed on a charge of wilful murther. Two gentlemen of great respectability, who had never before seen Miss Jones, offered bail for her to any amount; which the magistrates refused. On a second examination, Aug. 29, the idea of premeditated guilt was in a great degree removed; but the prisoners were again fully committed.—Mr. Sellers formerly kept a Staffordshire warehouse on Garlick-hill, in which business he failed, and afterwards embarked in the linen-trade. Miss Jones, towards the latter end of 1793, performed the character of Imogen at Covent-Garden theatre for one night only.

Sept. 1796

Friday, September 16

This day John Sellers, William Footner, and Elizabeth Jones, were put to the bar at the Old Bailey; the former upon the charge of having wilfully and maliciously wounded Mr. Thomas Yates, with a pistol-ball, of which wound he died; and the two latter for aiding and abetting in the said murder. The evidence adduced on the trial was nearly the same as took place before the magistrates and the coroner's jury (see p. 710). That which was new on the trial was a variation in the evidence of the servant, Mary Thompson; who swore before the magistrates, that Mr. Yates pushed away the pistol with his hand when presented by Sellers; but contradicted herself in this particular on the trial, that Mr. Yates did not touch the pistol, nor was it possible for him to reach it, though on her first examination she had sworn that Mr. Yates had hold of it, and was struggling with it at the moment it went off. It came out in evidence that Mr. Yates had behaved in a vindictive quarrelsome manner in the house, having threatened Miss Jones with personal violence. Sellers, in his defence, denied all intention of killing Mr. Yates, but that the pistol went off, owing to Yates taking hold of it; and that he had desired to be furnished with the pistols for his personal defence, as Mr. Yates had repeatedly threatened to bring in several persons to turn them out by force. He had only been shut out for the purpose of keeping him out till the attorney, who had been sent for, should arrive. That his taking the pistol was the impulse of the moment, and was only intended to have intimidated him; and that Mr. Yates himself seized hold of the pistol, to wrest it from him. Miss Jones, in her defence, went into the particulars of her first engagement with the late Mr. Richard Yates, and of her performing at the Birmingham theatre, of the will in her favour, and of the turbulent behaviour of the deceased; disclaiming all idea of his murder, and that she would have willingly resigned every shilling of the property to have saved Mr. Yates's life. Footner said little more than accounting for his being in the house in the way Sellers had previously related, merely calling as an acquaintance of Sellers. Evidence to character was only called in favour of Sellers; several persons proved him a quiet, humane, inoffensive man. The learned judge, Rooke, then proceeded to sum up the evidence, and to point out the most striking parts to the jury. He thought Miss Jones and Mr. Footner ought clearly to be acquitted of wilful murder, as they did not know that Sellers had the pistol, and it was not intended to keep Mr. Yates out by violence. With regard to Sellers, the jury should consider whether he fired the pistol wilfully; if he did, he was guilty of murder; if the pistol went off by accident, it was only manslaughter; short of that it could not be. The jury retired for a few minutes; and brought in their verdict, John Sellers, not guilty of the murder, but guilty of manslaughter; Elizabeth Jones and Richard Footner, not guilty. There are five wills, or testamentary papers, each of which are uniformly in favour of Miss Jones, one said to be a regular drawn will in 1789.

In New Inn not in the Temple

Molāgu Talbot

MONTAGU TALBOT TO SAMUEL IRELAND

Carmarthen. 17 Nov. 1795.

Dear Sir,

If, since I left London I have had a leisure Moment to keep my word & write you an account of the Papers of Shakespeare I have not had spirits sufficiently collected owing to hard study & hurry of business, to give you the precise account of them, I wished you should have from my hands - I have now the pleasure to communicate all you will in honor require from me & all I can ever reveal to you & the World - The Gentleman in whose possession these things were found, is a friend of mine, & by me your Son Samuel was introduced to his acquaintance .- One morning in rummaging from mere curiosity some old lumber consisting of Deeds Books &c. in a closet at my friend's house I discovered a Deed with the signature of William Shakespeare which induced me to read part of it & on finding the words "Stratford-on-Avon, I was convinced it was the hand-writing of the famous English Bard:- With permission of my friend (whom I will in future call Mr.H.) I carried the Deed to Sam knowing with what enthusiasm he and yourself regarded the works of that Author, or any trifling article he was possessed of, tho' I was prepared to see my friend Samuel a little pleased with what I presented to him, yet I did not expect that great joy he felt on the occasion - he told me there was nothing known in the Hand-writing of Shakespeare, but his signature to some Will or Deed in Doctors Commons, & pressed me to carry him to H's house that he might see if there was amongst the lumber I had spoken of, any other such Relick; - I immediately complied with his Request.- For several successive mornings we passed some hours in examining different Papers & Deeds, most of which were useless and uninteresting, but our labor was rewarded by finding a few more relating to Shakespeare these we took away, but never without H's Permission. At last we were so fortunate to discover a Deed, in which our Friend was materially concerned - Some landed property which had long been the Subject of Litigation was here ascertained, and H's title to it clearly proved. H. now said " in return for this whatever you & Mr.Ireland find amongst the Lumber, be what it may shall be your own"- (meaning those things which we should ~~prize as belonging to Shakespeare's -) Shortly after this I left Lender,~~ (~~as you~~ prize for being Shakespeare's) Shortly after this I left London, (as you may remember) on my favorite Pursuit, but previous to my departure made the following agreement with my Friend Sam, that if he fortunately should discover any papers of Shakespeare, the publication or use of which any pecuniary Advantages should accrue, such Profits should be equally divided between us. H, just before my departure strictly enjoined us never to mention him as the possessor of the Papers - tho', I wished, until Sam should have completed his researches, that little should be said on the subject, yet I was ignoranr why H. - when the search was finished should still wish his name concealed -

I thought it absurd and could not prevail on him to mention his reasons, tho' from some trifling unguarded expression, I was at last induced to believe, that one of his Ancestors was a contemporary with Shakespeare in the Dramatic profession and that as he H.- was a man somewhat known in the World, and in the Walk of high Life, he did not wish such a circumstance should be made publi public - this Suspicion was (as it will presently appear) well founded -

Whilst I was in Dublin I heard to my great joy and astonishment, that Sam had discovered amongst the Lumber, the Play of Vortigern and Rowena, the manuscript of Lear, &c.&c.&c.

I was impatient to hear every particular and principally for that purpose made my late visit to London - I found H.- (what I always thought him) a man of strict Honour, and willing to abide by the Promise he made in consequence of our finding the Deed, by which he benefitted so much - He left us to adjust between ourselves the Division of the Profits, and the following re

note: This Indy has performed with much
merit at the Hay-market and Covent-
Mr. Tabor, late of Drury-lane theatre. 10
Gens. Mag. Dec. 1800

resolution made between Sam and myself met with his concurrence; that in consequence of Samuel's diligence, and my negligence in searching for these valuable articles, and some other Agreements between ourselves (which are immaterial to mention) that had been made before my departure from London; I should not receive, as we had agreed an equal share, but that Sam should receive two thirds of the Profit, arising from the performing and publishing the Play of Vortigern and Rowena, and I only one -

I will now explain the Reason of H's. secrecy;- On account of your desire to give to the World some Explanation of the Business, and your telling me that such Explanation was necessary, I renewed my Entreaties to him to suffer us to discover his name, place of abode, and every Circumstance of the Discovery of the Papers; but in vain. I proceeded to prove as well as I could the Folly of its Concealment, when he produced a Deed of Gift, which he had himself found in the Closet, just before my Departure from London, in January last; but which I had never seen before - by this Deed, William Shakespeare assigned to John ---- who it seems was really an Ancestor of our Friend H.- , every article contained in an upper Room, in Consequence of their having passed together many evenings in moral discourse, and in smoking their Pipes together in that very Apartment.

The Articles as, Furniture, Cups, a Miniature Picture, and many other things, are specified in the Deed, but excepting the Miniature, (which was lately found amongst the Lumber and which is a likeness of Shakespeare himself) and the Papers, very few of them remain in His hands, and the rest unfortunately cannot be traced. It is supposed too that many Valuable Papers have been lost or destroyed as the whole Lumber has never remembered to have been at all valued or guarded from the destructive Hands of the lowest Domestics -

When I parted with you a few weeks since, H.- promised me that the Deed of Gift above mentioned should be sent you, first erasing or cutting out the name of the Grantee - On my last visit to my Friend H.- with Sam, he ~~would immediately revoke his promise~~ again enjoined us never to make his name known to anyone, declaring, if we did, he would immediately revoke his promise and claim the whole again as his own property -

I hope, my dear Sir, I have omitted nothing material in relating these circumstances and tho' this account may not enable you perfectly to satisfy many, who from an idle curioity would know more, yet the Liberal-minded I am sure will allow, that you have just Reasons for withholding what is, and is to be concealed.

I most earnestly beg you will send me a copy of Vortigern and Rowena, as soon as it can be conveniently be written, with the Margin marked according to the curtailment for Stage Represent sentation.-

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A short time after this letter of Mr. Talbot's came to hand, which I believe was about ye latter end of Nov. 1795. my Son brought me the Deed of Trust therein mentioned, from Shakespeare to Heminge, but without any erasure, as mentioned by Talbot in ye foregoing letter. I had indeed repeatedly told my Son, that, if any erasure was made or paper stuck over any name, I would not wish to have it, conceiving that such circumstance would invalidate the Deed and I could not consistently lay it before the Public.

SAMUEL IRELAND TO MONTAGU TALBOT.

Copy of my letter to Talbot.@pril 9.1796.

Dear Sir,

I have reason to make some apology for not answering your letter before,but the many engagements I have had,and a consciousness that my Son corresponded with you has caused this delay -

I now take up my pen on a subject my good sir,the most painful and oppressive that I have ever been engaged in in the course of my life,a matter of no less consequence than that of the happiness of myself and family and perhaps may terminate in my ruin.

I need not say that this subject is the Shakespeare MSS. which through your original discovery came to my Son,and from him into my possession _ The originality of them has been doubted by some and totally disbelieved by many.The source of these doubts has been from the mysterious manner in which they were first discovered and from my total inability to give the public any satisfaction on that head.- When I received them I applied to various persons whom I had reason to believe well-skilled in the various branches of knowledge,necessary to give a sanction to the belief or disbelief of their originality,these opinions being favourable to the latter,together with a full conviction on my own part both from their appearance and the manner in which they came to my hands viz:- as being from my Son,who I cannot imagine would be so base, as to involve me and his family in imfamy and ruin by becoming an accomplice with any person or persons in putting forth an imposition -

Thus situated I have laid some of them before the public,which have been but ill-received and on which I have sustained a pecuniary loss.

The Play of Vortigern has likewise been represented and has met with afate that has involved me still farther in inconvenience,

I have been abused publicly and privately for such an attempt to impose on the Town and I hear the public determination is to pursue me even to ruin - This I cannot but feel most acutely as being totally ignorant of having done anything injurious.

I feel it therefore,incumbent on you and indeed a duty that you owe to my injured family to give some relief on this occasion and to stand forward in some way or other to exculpate me from the imfamy that at present I inadvertently lay under.

I premised to my Son some time ago,that two gentlemen of respectability and independence should be called in and made acquainted with the nature of the discovery of the papers,having previously taken an Oath never to divulge to the World what they kno know,but to avow publicly that they are satisfied as to the place from whence they come and of their being genuine. To this proposition I can see no reasonable objection and beg to know what is your opinion of the plan,and that decidedly and without delay -

In your answer I likewise beg you will give me permission to publish the letter I received from you in Nov,last,as something effe effectual must and shall be done and that immediately to rescue me from the unhappy predicament in which I now stand.

I beg to inform you that I do not consider you as accessory to my publishing these papers,but as they come through you I hope and trust you will in some way render me the justice to exculpate me from any intention of doing ill,or should it be a forgery which I think impossible,exonerate me from being at all an acc accomplice in the business.-

I beg the favour of you to give me a line immediately on receipt of this and you will oblige your very obedient Servant

S.I.

To Mr.Montagu,at Mr.Hitchcocks,No.4 Clarendon Street Dublin.
Saturday April 9th.1796

Lady: This lady has deteriorated with much

DUBLIN 15.April 1796.

Dear Madam,

So much do I lament the unfortunate predicament in which Mr.Ireland is involved,that I most readily do everything in my power to extricate him from it,consistent with my own honour and oath.

The offer I shal make therefore will I hope be accepted definite finitely without urging any more proposals since any others must of necessity be declined by me though my life were the forfeit for being secret - I will make an Affidavit jointly with Sam "that Mr.Ireland is innocent of any forgery imputed to him, that "he is equally unacquainted with the discovery of the papers as "the World in general that he has only been the publisher of them- "and that the secret is known to more than Sam,myself,and a third "person whom Mr.Ireland is not acquainted with - "

If our making this Affidavit and the publication of it will serve Mr.Ireland,Sam and myself are both willing to stand forward- I assure you my dear Madam,I shall be the most miserable of men were I conscious of being in any manner instrumental to your misfortune which I hope will not turn out as bad as your fears suggest to you -

Thank God. the play was put into the Manager's hands and a Contract signed for it without consulting me,nay,before I had seen the MSS.- The book too was in the Press and Mr.Ireland's property embarked in the undertaking before I believe it was ever hinted to him that I was at all acquainted with the discovery -

Mr.Ireland proceeded not one step in the business on any assurance of mine - when he wished in the Preface of his Book (the title of which I am yet unaquainted with) to mention the particulars of the discovery,he obtained from me an account of all I knew- but this was at a time when he had proceeded to far to retract had I known and acquainted him with any circumstance unfavourable to the manuscripts,nay,had I known at this time the papers to be what some believe - absolute Forgeries,it would have been my duty not to have undeceived him.

If I may venture an opinion,I still think it probable that t the papers are genuine and that Vortigern may have been one of Shakespeare's first Essays at Dramatic writing -

It is not perhaps necessary to trouble Mr.Ireland also with a line - since I have the pleasure to answer your letter - he has desired mynopinion respecting a plan he proposes of making two gentlemen of respectability acquainted with every circumstance who are to vouch to the World for the authenticity of the manuscripts - this will not be consistent with our promise and oath- Mr.Ireland also desires I will consent to his publishing some letters of mine - a letter which Mr.Ireland promised to make no improper use of but which he only wished to have for the purpose of explaining more particularly in his Preface the nature of the Discovery - I cannot consent to have made public - I will make the Affidavit before mentioned as soon as I shall hear from any of your family that it will be acceptable - With the most sincere wishes for the Happiness of all your family,I am dear Madam

Your faithful friend M.Talbot.

Mrs.Freeman No.8 Norfolk Street Strand London,

Lopr. This lady has performed with much

May 21st.1796. Saturday evening at dusk the servant came up and said a Lady was in a Coach at ye door who wished to see me - I went down and saw in ye Coach a fat,elderly woman, who asked if my name was Ireland to which I replied in ye affirmative - She then asked if I was not possessed of some Shakespeare papers - that had made so much noise in ye World - to which I replied as before - I then asked her her reasons for asking these questions,to to which she said ye best in ye World - for that they were all hers. I then requested her to walk in, which she did,and I then asked her how the papers came into her possession,she said they had been stolen from her and that they were hers beyond a doubt, for that she had written them all and that there was a great deal of religion in them,to which I made no reply,but requested to know where she lived and her name - she said she lived at Chester and her name was Austin (at that instant it struck me Ihhad seen her before,and I presently recollected when I had seen her and that was about two years ago - when Mr.Talbot called upon me, and asked me if I would go with him to see a curious character - in Newman Street - who had seen two moons- and had sworn to seeing men and horses galloping over them,this she saw going over London Bridge and called to a boy to witness it) - This nonsense appeared in ye papers,and having been much talked of induced me to walk with him,when i found her an ignorant and uninformed woman,but full of ye wonderful - in so much so,that I hurried Talbot out of ye house,as soon as i could and returned home) Desirous of getting rid of her,I told her that if she had anything to say on ye subject of ye papers she must go down to Mr. Albany Wallis my Solicitor in ye neighbourhood,and relate it to him - But I have heard nothing farther on ye subject -

After such a declaration can I then suppose that Sam, who is equally involved with yourselfhad ever any intention of mentioning the real truth either to Mr.Wallis or any other person? No,it is impossible,he no more than you could betray his trust,but much I fear that to quiet (as he may think) the Public mind,he has invented some story that will involve the mystery still deeper,and my opinion is strengthened by a determined resolution he has formed to quit the Kingdom immediately,though he says that of late he has been inspired with all the Furor of a Divine Poet.

Such is the pitiable situation in which we are likely to be left,nor does he seem to feel a grain of remorse on the occasion, but has deserted his Office (for a Genius like his,he says,cannot condescend to sit at a desk) and does nothing but lounge about the Street,or drive about either on horseback or in a Curricle with a groom after him like a man of the first fashion. The Curricle-horses he told us,about 3 weeks since,cost 100 guineas and were given him by the Gentleman,but we find they are to cost 70, 50 of which has been paid by him no other gentleman having had anything to do in the business. He likewise had a Curricle building,which was very nearly finished,but Mr.Wallis kindly interfered and put a stop to its appearance.

About ½ past eight onecevening last week,a Coach stopped at the door,in which was an Elderly Fat Lady who wished to see Mr.I Ireland,he went down and enquired her business,she told him she came to enquire after some MSS. papers which Mr.Perry,Editor of the "Morning Chronicle" had told her were in his possession,he asked,What papers? She said the Shakespeare MSS.which had been stolen from her and she wished to know how they came into his hands,he did not satisfy her curiosity in that particular but referred her to Mr.Wallis - Oh,she replied,I shall hear nothing more from you, than I have from Mr.Perry so must give it up,which is very hard for I wrote them all myself and came to Town about them in consequence of a letter having been sent to Court -

Lycaus: MDCC.LXXVII

Mr.Ireland had sent for me into the Parlour to overhear the Conversation and on her saying she wrote them, I asked her what it was she had wrote? The Manuscripts Madam; The Shakespeare MSS., do you mean? Yes, Madam I wrote them all myself and think it very hard to lose them. She took her leave & ordered her Hackney to Mr.Wallis'. He was at from home & we have not heard anything more about her.- Mr.Ireland asked where she lived & she replied, at Chester.- On our recounting this story to Sam, he seemed much surprised. Mr.Ireland & all the family, join me in requesting you will have the goodness, as soon as possible to transmit us the Affidavit, specified in your letter & have it properly signed, sealed & witnessed & if you who are able so fully to fully to prove our innocence can add any strength to what you have there written or give any fresh information relative to the original of the Papers I trust you will think it a justice due to an injured Family & your afflicted friend

A.Freeman.

Jane & Mr.Ireland unite in Comp'ts.

Mrs.Freeman To Montigu Talbot

Copy of Mrs.Freeman's 2nd. letter to Mr.Talbot.

London. June 16th.1796.

Dear Sir,

I have waited in anxious expectation of an answer to my letter dated either May 29th.or 30th. as in it I requested you would forward with all speed the Affidavit that in yours of April 15th. you voluntary offfered to send us - "As soon as you should hear from any of the family that it was acceptable."

Mr.Ireland went out of Town for a few days on Sunday May 29. On the Sunday following poor Jane and myself dined with Mrs. Barnard,her sister,at Stockwell and stayed all night. Sam was to have been of the party,but he as usal declined associating with his family and on our return home on Monday evening,we found that taking advantage of our absence,he had that morning packed up all his things and left the house,nor has he ever been near us since - (prompted I presume by vanity) since not any of his friends have ever discovered the least trait of Literary genius in his character,he circulates a report that he alone is author of all the Papers and the Plays of Vortigern,and Henry the Second,the former is a very good one,the latter,most excellent,but I,who know his talent for Romancing so well can never credit the report.-

When I reflect on his conduct towards his Father in the whole business the atrocity of the act is unparalleled in History.

He,poor man is sunk almost to despair,and is of all beings the most pitiable,for " It is not an open enemy that has done him this dishonour,since then,in (the language of the Scriptures) "he might have borne it," but it is even his child,his companion,H He,(wretched outcast) who ought to have been his FAITHFUL FRIEND, Oh,Sir,reflect I say but on the atrocity of the act,and then think if any punishment can be devised adequate to the enormity of the crime,a crime that involves his whole family in ruin -

I flatter myself it is unnecessary to say anything more on the subject since your own Feelings must suggest to you,that injured Innocence,like ours, demand ,not sues for justice at your hands,that Justice, "balm of hurt minds ",which you,Sir, alone are capable of administering -

Your friend we here still continues to ride about with his groom and in the Evening is generally at the play.

Yours &c. A.F.

Ugnus: MDA.JRA.IXUN

...ior. This lady has performed with much

MONTIGU TALBOT TO Wm.Hy.IRELAND

9th June 1796

Copy of Mr.Talbot's letter to Sam, enclosed to his friend Mr. Cole, apothecary in St. who after keeping it a fortnight, brought it to my house & left it with my daughter Jane, conceiving that we knew where to address to Sam, hearing nothing from him we opened it July 3rd.Sunday - 1796 .

June 9. 1796,-

Dear Sam,

I suppose I need not tell you that I had sometime since a letter from your Father & another from your Aunt & that I answered them in one; that answer I suppose you saw: In it I offered jointly with you to make an affidavit that the discovery of the Papers was known to no more than ourselves & a third person, & that your Father is ignorant of all. For sometime I heard nothing, but I have just received a letter desiring me to send the promised affidavit, what shall I do? Will you join in this affidavit for I should not like to do it alone, as the affidavit is to be published. Your Aunt's letter tells me that you consented to communicate everything about the discovery to Mr.Wallis, but have not done so, that she thinks to quiet the public mind you have invented some story, which will make the matter more mysterious & that you have formed a resolution of quitting the Kingdom immediately, though you boast of " being lately inspired with all the Furor of a Divine Poet", that you have quitted your office for, "that you cannot with your genius condescend to sit at a desk," & that you do nothing but lounge or drive about the streets on Horseback or in a Curricle with a Groom after you - She further says, that you said the Curricle and horses cost 100 guineas and were you by the Gentlemam, but that she has discovered that you have paid for them 50 , and are to pay 20 more, that you had a Curricle besides building, but when it was nearly finished Mr.Wallis interposed and prevented its a appearance - She tells me something too of a woman who called and said said she wrote all the Manuscripts herself - she came from Chester, whoever she is, she must be mad, and if he is at all, fat, fair woman with red hair or auburn, between 50 and 60, and with a cast in her sight, I believe I can tell who she is ; for I know a woman of that description and whose relations live at or near Chester - Indeed, Sam, I am grieved exceedingly to find from your Aunt's letter that this business is likely to injure your family , I suppose they are only groundless fears - But what can I say to the account I hear of you..

I dare not say what different conjectures I have formed, they terrify me to think of them and I shall be miserable till they are ex explained I beg and entreat you to be particular in writing a long account of all, and to explain everything I have touched on in this letter, with your opinion of this Affidavit to serve your Father. Sometimes I think you have lost your senses from what I hear from your family, though your letters shew no such symtoms -

I cannot answer your Aunt's letter till I hear what is your opinion and I beg to hear directly for she desires me to send the Affidavit directly - 6ours sincerely

M.T.

I am Going on well in my profession.

I am told this play of Henry was found before Vortigern or soon after - at all events before Vortigern was played. Pray what is th the opinion of those who have read it, concerning its merits, I request some explanation of this.

As I am told you do not go to the Office send this enclosed to T.Cole who will deliver it to yourself -

(Verbatim Copy S.I.)

Lady: This book has been borrowed with much

the Deed - That I wrote in the hand as you have it, & I never even made a single draft of it - This the Learned applauded - I need not repeat the Words of Dr.Warton,Dr.Parr, &c.&c.in your room - can it be wondered at that I was fired at the praise lavished so freely on me, then but a youth, & as the world moreover did not for a long space of time disbelieve I thought at last it might be received & turn to the advantage of my Family. This was my first my principal wish besides the pleasure I thought you would receive in thinking yourself possessed of the papers which should have continued under the name of Shakespeare and died with me for I would ha have stifled every idea of pride & never have owned them, but for the late stir & your wretchedness - So far I can say, I meantthe World no injury no fraudulent idea enterred my Brain. If anyone is wronged it is yourself & yet upon the honor of a man you of all persons was the least I meant to injure - The money I did receive you know the use I made of it, & if you recollect I strongly opposed the publishing the Book but you was so enthusiastick in the business that I was forced to suffer you to proceed or confess the whole. You will perhaps say then why not confess the truth - First I feared your anger, & secondly as no doubt had then arisen, I thought it might remain unknown & prove moreover a source of great gain. Had it not been for this business I should not have known or even attempted the trial of my abilities. The Vortigern I wrote, if I copied anyone, it was the Bard himself, in no one paper book or Parchment was I furnished with Language by anyone living. If there is Soul or Imagery it is my own - The Henry 2nd. was more mine than the Vortegern as I scarce looked into any one Book while I wrote it - At the time you appointed Mr.Harris to see it down at Mr.Wallis's,I then had written but 400 lines of it X ,in two months after you had the 1800 lines completed - Let there be rewards offered to anyone that will come forward and swear he furnished me even with a single thought throughout the papers and I will tell that man that dares so vouch himself,that he is a base Liar.

Mr.Harris told me he would take the Henry and wishes me to make some few alterations,that I will gladly do,and as you my dear Sir have yet no proof but my parole for the gift of it,I now tell you that that I beg your acceptance of the publication of Vortugern and the whole of the profits of Henry the 2nd. -

Should I live,my future labours shall equally be devoted to my family - Do not wish to meet me my dear Father, I cannot yet bear it, I will instantly return into Wales and give myself up to that Study I so ardently wish for. The Papers,I mean the mind that breathes through them,shows any spark of genius and deserves honour, I Sir your Son am that person and if I live but for a little I will prove it -

Mr.Talbot knew only the secret having caught me at Chambers one day,writing some one of the Papers,I bound him to secrecy nor he nor anyone living had any concern in wither writing or composing save myself alone and to that I pledge my every hope of happiness, if I speak false may the Almighty judge me accordingly. With love to my Aunt my sister ANN and Jane and hoping in your forgiveness, I will still sign myself your true your loving Son

W.H.Ireland jun'r.

Thursday evening June 14th.1796-

X See Mr.Earle's account of ye copying of ye play July 4.1796.

Dear Sir
Your very obliged & obedient Servant
Sam Ireland

June 19th. (1796)

MONTAGU TALBOT TO Mrs.FREEMAN.

Dublin July 1st.1796.

Dear Madam,

It must appear to you by this time like wilful neglect and a determined resolution to disregard common good manners that I have so long forbore to answer your letter. I am sorry to say that Sam's inattention is the cause,he has taken no notice of my application to him to join in the Affidavit you desire,and if such an Affidavit is necessary,it is jointly with him I propose and still wish to make it - Ihope Sam is by this time returned home,and that he will favour me with an answer to my last letter wherein I requested to know some particulars which it is necessary I should be acquainted with,before I do what you wish me -

The Groom,horses and Curricle I know not what to think of,I can conjecture nothing even about his means of procuring things which which he

Saturday June 18th. Called on Sir Isaac Heard who seemed of opinion that part of the papers had been played tricks with by some one,but he believed the bulk to be genuine - he said Mr. Chalmers thought the same - I requested Sir Isaac to forward extracts of a letter from Mr.Talbot to his relation Mr.Heard of Dublin in order that he might make his Affidavit to fully exonerate me -

Copy of my letter to Sir Isaac Heard June 18th.1796.requesting that he would transmit it to Dublin and get Talbot's Affidavit.

SAMUEL IRELAND TO SIR ISAAC HEARD.

Dear Sir Isaac,

I beg to trouble you with the following extract from Mr.Montagu Talbot's letter;as the form of an Affidavit,that he says he he is willing tp make to exonerate me from anything wrong in my conduct as to the publishing of the Papers -

If your friend in Dublin thinks it can be made stronger as the form of wording it, I beg the favour of him to urge the necessity for it to Mr.Talbot,and that it may be done in the best manner to satisfy my mind and that of the public - He says he is desirous of making an Oath to this purport - "That Mr.Ireland is innocent of any charge of wishing to impose on,or to deceive the public - in laying the supposed Shakespeare Papers before them,that he is totally unacquainted with the nature of their discovery that he has been only the publisher of them and that the secret is knownonly to his Son, to Mr.Montague Talbot, and to a third person whom Mr. Ireland is totally a stranger to"- Ibeg to acquaint you ~~with~~ that he likewise says - " If I may venture an opinion, I think it probable that the papers are genuine & that Vortegern may have been one of Shakespeare's first efforts in Dramatic Writing"-

You will much oblige me Sir, if you will forward to Dublin as early as possible the form of the above Affidavit to your friend, & that it may be transmitted to me as soon as convenient, as I need not say it is to me, a matter of the very first moment -

If the opinion of Talbot, as above, as to the validity of the papers, can be put into the Affidavit with propriety, I think it may strengthen my cause - I remain with best wishes for your health

Dear Sir
Your very obliged & obedient Servant
Sam Ireland

June 19th. (1796)

MONTAGU TALBOT TO Mrs.FREEMAN.

Dublin July 1st.1796.

Dear Madam,

It must appear to you by this time like wilful neglect and a determined resolution to disregard common good manners that I have so long forbore to answer your letter. I am sorry to say that Sam's inattention is the cause,he has taken no notice of my application to him to join in the Affidavit you desire,and if such an Affidavit is necessary,it is jointly with him I propose and still wish to make it - Ihope Sam is by this time returned home,and that he will favour me with an answer to my last letter wherein I requested to know some particulars which it is necessary I should be acquainted with,before I do what you wish me -

The Groom,horses and Curricle I know not what to think of,I can conjecture nothing even about his means of procuring things to ~~whiwh~~ which he always seemed to have no claim.

I am most unfortunate in having ever heard of these Manuscripts, for I am now called upon to do justice in explaining what I know on the one side,and on the other forbid to viplate a sacred promise to be for ever secret. Thus gfar,my dear Madam I will acknowledge, that were I to disclose this required secret and communicate all I know it would not by any means afford you or your family any Satisfaction - It would free me from some censure which I am told I have incurred but which I do not deserve,I can upraid myself in no one instance - I am much surprised at what you say of Sam as the Author of the Plays & Manuscripts - if he is content as you say to free his Father from the odium by such a declaration nothing I can say or do to serve Mr. Ireland can benefit him so effectually, but I think you have been misinformed & that he has declared no such thing. The Play of Henry 2nd. I never have seen; nor the manuscripts of Vortigern, nor anything relative to it, till I was in London long after the letter was in Mr.Sheridans hands - I must therefore depend on the veracity of others as to there coming from the same source , as the few Manuscripts I saw before I left London for the first time - I hope to hear from you some good news as to the Happiness & satisfaction of all your family & shall daily expect Sam's letter when you shall immediately hear from me. I have been told that many persons believe I had A part of the money paid to Mr.Ireland & do not scruple to say I positively had, these things however do not on my own account make me uneasy I am too sure of having done nothingg to merit the ill-opinion of anyone. I request you will do me the favor to write me as soon as convenient all that has passed - I am dear, Madam with best regards to Mr.Ireland & Family

Your very humble Ser'nt

M.Talbot

The woman you mention to have called & claimed the Manuscripts must undoubtedly be some pitiable lunatic-

Mrs.Freeman
No.8 Norfolk St.
Strand. London.

SAMUEL IRELAND TO MONTAGU TALBOT.

Copy of my letter to Mr.Talbot July 5th.1796.

Dear Sir,

However painful my Situation may have been since the wr writing of my last letter to you and much as I have been hurt at your not returning me an answer I shall not here upbraid you with neglect or inattention,presuming that you think your letters to M s.F. (Freeman) sufficient reply to mine - this however I cannot admit,nor does the World who has heard and knows the situation I stand in,and the very close manner in which you are involved with my Son in ye discovery of ye papers. You promised to send me over an Affidavit which should be jointly signed by you and my Son in order to exonerate me from any intent to injure ye public,or from having any knowledge of ye discovery of ye papers further than that I had already stated in my preface -

To this I must urgently request you will immediately accede - and transmit as early as possible - And let it be worded in such a manner as that my Son may either ign it or not,as I think your Affidavit will weigh more in ye present state of things tham his.

Besides which there is a chance I may not s e him again - as it is more that five weeks since he left home,since which I have never seen him nor has he written to any of ye family.

He is occasionly seen I am told,either walking with a woman of of the Town,or on horseback with a servant behind him - in this situation he was seen only last Sunday in ye Park.

I need not tell you that he has publicly avowed himself Author of all the Papers,Deeds &c.to which I give no credit,not even to a syllable - It is his vanity that has urged him to this - and to which I believe you would willingly give no more credit than I do.

If you were mutually bound by oath to keep ye secret,he has surely used you ill in making this declaration which is directly contrary to which you have ever written or said upon ye subject.

If therefore you consider as I do,his conduct to have been improper towards you,I think you will be fully justified in divulging to me on your own terms,all that you know to be the truth.

You say in your letter to Mrs.F.(FREEMAN) which has just come to hand,that neither the Vortigern nor the Henry can you be answerable for as to their authenticity,as they were discovered after you left London,nor do you know that they came from the same source as the few Manuscripts you saw before you left London - By this declaration it is evident that ye few MSS. you allude to y u believe to be genuine. May I then,my goodcSir,beg to know what those few papers were,and likewise will you say in your next what your own opinion is as to their being authentic. The prevalent opinion is and it is decidedly mine - that the papers have been surreptitiously obtained,and that Sam has been heard to declare some months ago, that they belonged to a person of a strange temper and who was not acquainted that he had them and had he known it he would have destroyed them rather than the public should have seen them.

If so,there will in all probability be a moment at ye death of ye original proprietor when ye nature of ye business will be developed.

Mr.Cole called here about a week ago and left a letter from you for my Son,but as he never comes here,nor do I know where he is, it still remains with us - Application has been made to a Mr.Heard Attorney of Dublin whom you know,to request that you will forward ye Affidavit with all possible speed,but I have reason to believe th that gentleman is in England. If so I beg it may not prevent you making it immediately - the more especially as I am now answering Malone's book,and it will form a very proper Introduction.

As to ye fat woman,that called to claim ye papers,I am pretty certain,it is the woman in Newman Street to whose house I accompanied you to hear ye Story of ye 2 Moons &c.&c,

I need not my dear Sir,repeat to you that the Odium thrown on my character and the pecuniary injury I sustain from the total stop to ye sale of my literary publications,is so great as to render it necessary that every step should be taken and that im-

mediately to restore me to my former situation,which the World - more especially as my Son deserts me in ye moment when I have most need of his assistance,I can only look to you for relief.

Relying therefore on your exertions in this business, I remain dear Sir y urs S,I. July 5th.(1796)

Pray inform me if you ever discovered anything like a vein of poetry in my Son or an ability to rival SHakespeare.

Pray say in your next if you intend coming to London,and when? As Sam still persists in the existence of the whole length portrait and ye miniature of Shakespeare set in silver,ye latter of which you said you had seen,pray give me your opinion of them.

He likewise showed to ye Committee(which consisted of 26 gentlemen at my own house) the following list of things which he said were in being and that should be mine,none of which have I yet received.

Viz:. here follows ye Schedule as in his own hand in page 57 in this book, July 5th.(1796)

MONTAGU TALBOT TO SAMUEL IRELAND.

Cork. September 16th.1796.

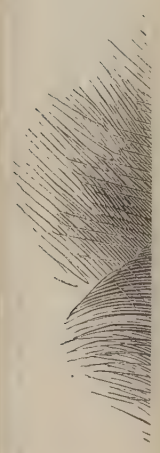
Sir,

Your last letter to me should have been answered sooner and the promised Affidavit been sent if I could have obtained an answer from your Son to something I wrote about some time since,for without his consenting,if not joining insuch a proceeding,I did not think myself authorized in taking any steps whatsoever. This is all the apology I think necessary to one whose intentions I am informed, are to do me every possible injury. I am sorry,Sir,to say,that any such endeavour on your part(which I must laugh at as ineffectual) will provoke me to remain perfectly silent on the business of the Manuscripts,though at present I have every wish for a clear vindication of your character,as you may think it necessary-

This letter Sir, may probably be the last you will ever receive from me,as I am determined (if the proposal I shall presently make be not accepted) never to write to,or discourse with anyone on the subject of these Manuscripts except where it may be necessary to clear my own character,which I can do should it ever be maliciously attacked on account of them.

My friend Mr.Cole informs me you have made several inquiries for me and I have this morning received the following information from a gentleman in Hertfordshire,whom I believe you are not acquainted with. From the best motives he has requested me to give you every satisfaction in my power in order to save my character ~~which he imagined falsely I could not clear to the World~~ from the defamation that he thought it would meet with from you (which he imagined falsely I could not clear to the World) and in order to save you from the injury you might sustain by my withholding the satisfaction I am able to give.You Sir, have no claim on me to stand forward for your characte as it was not till after you had applied the Manuscripts to your own interested purposes that you heard that I had any knowledge of them. Whatever I do,that must be done voluntarily and how far you merit from me a voluntary Affidavit to the effect desired will appear from the intention you have harboured of injuring me.

You are(it is said) to produce a publication in which you'll make known every trivial circumstance that has passed since your first obtaining the papers,and in that publication I am to make a considerable figure as a principal agent,fully acquainted with every circumstance but refusing to reveal anything - this gentleman informs me too,that you intend applying through the medium of connections in England,to the Lord Lieutenant of this Country that he may use his influence with Mr.Daly not to permit me to perform in his Theatre - Do you imagine Sir,I am so childish,to be terrified by such threats into a Confession which my own conscience will not approve,for you kn know I have sworn to be for ever secret? Now let the Public know



that I am acquainted with the mystery of the Manuscripts and that I refuse to reveal it, they will then condemn me, but what will they say when I inform them, that after you contracted with Mr. Sheridan for the play of Vortigern, and had the Book of the other Manuscripts ready in the Press for publication, on your being informed I was a party concerned and conversing with me on the subject, that I as well as Sam begged you to give over all thoughts of offering them to the World, that I have offered an Affidavit since their unfavourable reception, to prove your ignorance of their origin or discovery, and your innocence in so hastily presenting them to the Public, what can they say then?- that I know the secret, but the knowledge of a secret is no crime, and the keeping it inviolate, (bound as I am) is certainly to be commended not condemned.

Next as to your intentions as to making me quit the Dublin Theatre. I cannot help smilingbat the absurdity of an application to the Lord Lieut.- but admitting for a moment that a Viceroy should condescend partially to interfere in such a business and that in consequence of his interference I should leave the Dublin Theatre, it would be no injury to me. My reason for remaining in that situation which Chance threw me, with Mr. Daly is that I am treated by him with every respect and civility, but as to any pecuniary advantage it may be imagined I derive from my engagement with him, he will inform you himself, for he is at present in London that his allowance for my services by no means defray my expenses, you know though I am not a man of fortune I am not dependant on the Stage for a livelihood and that if I was so dependant a situation might be easily obtained elsewhere-

I have for some time talked of embarking for America, and I am not yet determined to forgo those intentions. I should be sorry to sail from hence without doing all I could to extricate you from any difficulties you may labour under, as I might if I pleased, but to waive these arguments which I have only used to show you I am out of reach of any persecution you may threaten me with, I have the pleasure to say having heard nothing from your Son, I will make an Affidavit solely, "That from my intimacy with him and my own knowledge of the Mystery of the Manuscripts you are ignorant of their discovery and are innocent of any design to deceive or impose on the Public" - but this Affidavit I will make on these Conditions- That nothing that has passed between you and me shall be used as evidence for or against the Manuscripts, that I have first your promise in writing not to call on me for further explanation or to mention me in any other way than as the person making the Affidavit, that you shall call that Affidavit a voluntary one, and that you shall return me every letter I have written you on the subject, in your last letter you hint to me that Sam has used me ill and that I am justified therefore in divulging everything - I do not agree with you, and once more assure you that nothing I could reveal respecting those papers would be of any service to you -

I embark tomorrow for Swansea in South Wales, your immediate answer directed there shall be attended to and the Affidavit made before a Magistratethere, or before the Lord Mayor of Dublin on my return in about five weeks, which you please on the conditions before mentioned.

The gentleman in Hertfordshire who has written to me will be in Town at the meeting of Parliament and will call on you to examine the Manuscripts, I need not ask that he may be politely received-

He tells me that Sam is wandering in some part of the West of England I cannot help wondering at his silence to me but wherever I may chance to meet him I shall be proud to own him as my friend and notwithstanding your threats I beg leave to assure you that I shall feel the greatest pleasure in standing forward to screen you who are an innocent sufferer - My best respects to Mrs. Freeman and your family.

I am Sir, your obed. and hunble Servant

M. Talbot

Samuel Irelamd Esq.
8 Norfolk Street
Strand

SAMUEL IRELAND TO MONTAGU TALBOT.

Letter to Mr.Talbot Nov.1st.1796.

Sir,

I should have given an earlier answer to yours of 16th-Sept. but thought it better to defer writing till your return to Dublin which I presume by yours has now taken place.

I am sorry to say that your letter contains a number of harsh phrases towards me that are totally unjustifiable.

I know not what your gentleman in Hertfordshire may have written,but I will venture to say positively that I never have intended you any injury. As to ye application to ye Lord Lieut. it was a circumstance urged to me by many very respectable persons as a measure highly necessary for ye satisfaction of ye public and the peace of mind of myself and family- I had by no means determined on such a measure,nor if I had could it have injured you in any way,as all I wanted and all ye World wants is a declaration of the truth,be it what it may. All I now want is what you have frequently promised,viz:- an Affidavit at least that may fully state my ignorance of ye nature of ye discovery- ffurther than what I have heard from yourself and my Son - To this you agree in your last letter - but have added preliminaries to it which were not urged before,nor do I think reasonable to accede to, they are,giving up all your letters I have received from you, and not to mention you in any other way than as the person making that Affidavit - As to declaring to the World that it is a voluntar tary Affidavit,I have no objection,but why you should wish me to gi give up your letters- which were given to me as documents from which I was to ground my preface upon and the validity of the MSS. I am at a loss to guess.

That your declarations and statements in those letters were true,I cannot for a moment have a shadow of doubt,I have too high an opinion of your honour and candour to admit so injurious an idea for an instant. Why should you therefore wish to take out of my hands ye only proof of my innocence and integrity in the business before us. Any quotations I may make from your letters I can assure you will do you no injury,for I shall speak of you as I have ever found you,during my acquaintance with you,a gentleman who in my judgement ranked beyond even ye possibility of suspicion as to his fairness and honesty in this transaction.

I beg leave to remark on a passage or two of your letter in which I can by no means agree with you as to the facts. You say "It was not till after you had applied ye MSS.to your own inter- "ested purposes that you heard I had any knowledge of them"-

Did I not know that ye first parchment found was shewn to you in my own room and that you confessed to have seen it before? And did you not converse with me on ye subject in ye month of September long before ye publication,at my own house? And likewise at your own lodgings ye evening you left London,after dining at my house? And did you not write to me at Carmarthen in Nov.following, stating ye whole particulars of ye discovery,and were not all this information given long before ye publication or period when my interested purposes - were to take place ? What is meant by "interested" I know not,as it has been a very heavy loss to me in pecuniary matters,as well as the destruction of my peace of mind - a consequence more pernicious still - I likewise deny that either you or Sam urged me not to lay them before the public, had that been ye case,I must have been deemed mad thus to have involved myself by so expensive a publication when the only persons on whose authority I had relied - should have made such an insinuation that must at once have damned ye possibility of their being genuine -

As I do not wish further to trouble you on the subject,I beg t to add - that as my Son has left my house for upwards of four months and publicly declared himself ye Author of all ye papers, Deeds,Seals&c.&c. A direct contradiction to his former written and printed avowals,I cannot therefore expect anything further from

him to elucidate the subject,I must rely on you,may I then
request that you will forward me an Affidavit,that may perhaps
more impressive than a mere quotation from your letters,at any
rate I cannot give up such information as you have repeatedly
furnished me with,and which as I believe,to be true,is essential
to my justification and can in no way injure you,nor be considered
as a breach of confidence on my part,for if it was not considered
as necessary to my purposes - why was it sent at all?
Your speedy answer - as my reply to Malone is nearly finished -
will be deemed a favour. I presume I shall send the Work to press in
about 10 or 12 days - in which time if I hear nothing from you
shall conclude you do not intend forwarding ye Affidavit -
I remain &c.

S.I. Nov. 1st.1796.

To Montagu Esq. at Mr.Hitchcocks
4 Clarendon Street
Dublin.

Copy of letter from M.Talbot to Mr.Cole of Brewer Street.

No.4 Clarendon Street. Dublin Nov.14th.1796.

Dear Tom,

You will be surprised perhaps at not hearing from me so long
I have been a Cork and Swansea and from the former place received
your last letter - I am now returned to Dublin and though I am still
hurt at the cause which has in part prevented my writing you yet I
do it at last,but with an earnest request that you will never trouble
me with more questions about Vortigern and the Shakespeare MSS.-
You may be certain that to you who are my school-fellow and friend
I would open my mind on this business if to anyone,but it is my
determination to say nothing save this,which I commission you as
my friend to tell Mr.Ireland -
At the time of my intimacy with young Ireland I saw some of
the MSS. papers, I was told from whence they came by young Ireland,
I went to Dublin and was again in London about 9 months after -
The Play of Vortigern and numberless other MSS.had in the interim
been produced. The Play was contracted for by Mr.Sheridan and Mr.
Ireland's book in the press. Mr.Ireland had been told I knew every-
thing relative to them,that I was a part owner in them &c.
I did not contradict it but said it was so,and for saying so I
had justifiable reasons and the most honourable intentions,though
it was not true excepting as to my knowledge as to the origin of
the papers which I had from young Ireland. I even wrote from the coun
country giving him the particulars as one of the discoverers of the
papers,he begged it often during the few days I was in London and
to make his mind easy (which was much crossed with those circumstance
stances) I complied - At this time (as I before said) the Book
was in the Press,so that I never misled Mr.Ireland or encouraged him
to the publication of the papers,for I had no opportunity,if I had,
I would rather have used my endeavours to dissuade him from en-
snaring himself as he has done. Mr.Ireland now demanded an Affi-
davit from me of his innocence in offering them to the World,and
that he was ignorant of their origin, I consented and would have
sent the Affidavit,which should also have included my own inno-
cence and my being in no way concerned in deceiving the World,and
that I was only let into the secret by young Ireland with whom I
had habits of intimacy - Mr.Ireland would not only have this Affi-
davit but would also publish my account of the whole,which I gave
him at the time I just now mentioned - when he had given Mr.Sheridan
the Play and was publishing the Book - the Affidavit in that case
will contradict the other account and that,contradict the Affidavit-
This I will not do - If Mr.Ireland makes free with my name in
the publication,I shall then make an Affidavit which will go only
to the clearing of myself and which in other respects will surprise
him. If he has the Affidavit from me which he wishes,it shall not be
be but by relinquishing the other account - Mr.I. being as he says

about to publish my correspondence with him, I shall not write to him though (consistent with my own safety from censure) I would be happy to stand and screen him - I have the greatest regard for himself and family -

Wait on Mr. Ireland immediately and tell him all that I have said or show him this letter and on your own part (whatever you may think of this extraordinary business) be assured, I have not in this affair, and will not in this effect or any other be guilty of injustice or dishonour will then be satisfied.

I am &c.&c.

M. Talbot.

Extracted from a letter sent by Montagu Talbot from Dublin to Mr. Cole - Apothecary, Woodstock Street. date March 6.1797.

Young Ireland writing a few deeds and presenting them to his Father as antiques or curiosities you will allow was an innocent frolic, and this I was made acquainted with by young Ireland himself just before my departure for Dublin, when he had presented a very few to his Fathe , and I smiled at the pleasure Mr. Ireland seemed to have in possessing them.

From the time of my departure, I knew of no transactions between young Ireland and his Father, till I heard accidentally in Dublin that a Play had been found by the former written by Shakespeare - The idea which suggested itself to me was naturally this - that young Ireland had fabricated this Play as well as the deeds which I had seen. I wrote to him and found it was as I suspected - The Play was already agreed for by the Drury Lane Managers -

The rest of the papers which young Ireland gave to his Father were thought worth publication and Mr. Ireland accordingly had received subscriptions and the printers had the Book ready in the Press - Soon afterwards I was in London, young Ireland said, if the affair was discovered he should be ruined by his Father's resentment, the Father (who had been told by the Son that I knew the whole affair) was very pressing with me, to communicate what I knew and to prove (as he thought I could) the Authenticity of the Manuscripts

The welfare of both Father and Son now depended on my secrecy. I even joined in the story, which young Ireland had related of their discovery and should have carried the secret with me to my grave, had not young Ireland by his own confession freed me from the Promise I made him never to reveal it.

To Mr. Ireland - Norfolk Street.

Received this letter from Mr. Cole, Apothecary of Woodstock Street Dec. 9th. 1797.

Montague Talbot.

The following paragraphs were contained in the MS. copy of Talbot's Life, lent to me by Mr J.W Lawrence before publishing & were ommitted when printed. The reference letters shew where these paragraphs occurred in the MS.

On January 13th 1794 The European Magazine in treating of his debut, said "A young gentleman, whose name is "said to be Talbot, appeared for the first time at Covent "Garden in Douglas. If this young gentleman had "waited a few years, until his person, voice, & judg-"ment had been matured, or had he tried his abilities "in any inferior character we should not have had "occasion to record another failure."

A pastmaster in the art of making-up, Talbot's methods were as ingenious as they were individual. Instead of donning false moustaches & whiskers according to the requirements, he invariably painted a deft simulation of these hirsute appendages on his features with a camel's hair brush. Curls on the forehead would be rendered in sepia & India ink & the whole proved so natural as to deceive even the cry members of the orchestra.

Two of a kind never agree, & there was no love lost between Mathews & Talbot. In dealing with the year 1816, the widow of the great entertainer states that "because Mr Mathews was "engaged to perform in Limerick at the principal "theatre, while Mr Talbot was manager of a minor "one, every mean contrivance was resorted to, "to injure the receipts of the major establish-"ment (traced to Mr Talbot), such as paragraphs "asserting the utter want of safety in the building "if crowded etc."

In the latter his company was playing towards the close of the year to an average of £50 nightly.

Talbot found his way in the spring & early summer of 1821 to Limerick & Cork, where he was hailed with delight by his old friends.

Were he however, as young as the animal whose senectitude is fifteen, he would not be fit for Dorincourt. He can play well only the careless & battered rake. There is something in his very voice at war with all our notions of youth that is not boisterous, or fashion that is not antiquated.

G

But now & again, he was accused of extravagance, of dressing out of character, & worst of all, of senseless gagging. Owing to the inadequacy of Harris's company, Talbot was frequently mis-cast, but with his Puff, his Ranger, & his Three Singles even the captious Theatrical Observer could find no fault.

H

When Burn pleaded to him years after to pay a visit to the dear, dirty city, he wrote in reply, "Never more shall they insult me. Remember Tonson - 'Off, Off - Talbot, Talbot.' - the cut-throat, malignant, double distilled essense of all vulgarity in 'the shape of slang still rings in my ears. They 'hooted me from the stage; & but for Abbott's sake 'I had left with the gratification of expressing my 'contempt for an audience who could calmly 'gape 'on' & see a hired party of College & other ruf-'fians drive a London actor from the Dublin 'Stage, unheard, untried, for the crime of having 'selected for his opening part, a character that 'had been acted by one of their own favourites.'

Extract from "Fifty Years of Green Room Gossip, or Recollections of an Actor by W Donaldson 1881.

Montague Talbot was the light comedian of Dublin. His line of characters were the elegant & refined gentlemen of the old school, such as "Ranger" in "The Suspicious Husband" Dorincourt in "The Belle Stratagem" Mirabel in "The Inconstant" Rolando in "The Honeymoon" Lord Duke in "High Life Below Stairs" Lord Ogibby in "The Clandestine Marriage" Charles Surface & Monsieur Morbleu: Talbot was a distinct actor from Lewis, who excelled in another range, such as Rover etc: When a distinguished writer leaves behind his opinion of an actor's abilities, that ought to be received as the strongest proof of talent. Crofton Croker in his splendid work, the "Familiar Epistles, pub^d in Dublin in 1805.

With such rare qualities, Talbot could not get a position in London. Both of the great houses were barred against him; & finding metropolitan renown was out of his reach, he determined to remain in a land that appreciated his abilities; & in 1809 the Belfast Theatre came under his sway, where, for a number of years he ruled the destinies of the drama with credit & honour.

He was engaged by Henry Harris in 1821 for the Hawkin's Theatre, Dublin & made his debut in Moncreff's excellent farce of "Monsieur Tonson". Talbot's French Barber made such a hit that the farce ran for sixty nights. Such a circumstance was unprecedented in the annals of the drama. After the termination of the season, proposals were made to him to visit London. But he declined them all & remainded among a people who venerated him till the period of his death.

Talbot was no favourite among London actors; this was partly the result of envy for one who had too much talent for their appreciation.

Charles Kemble came to Dublin on a starring tour with Mrs C. Kemble in 1812 & made his debut in Talbot's great part, Mirabel. He did not repeat it or attempt any other in that line.

The elder Mathews, hearing of Talbot's fame in the French Barber, Monsieur Morbleu, entered the lists against him, & most egregiously failed, & left the city in dudgeon after the first nights performance.

Some years ago, a rediculous & impossible story

Montague Talbot

Extracts from (The Morning) Herald.
posted in Saml Ireland's Journal in the B.M. No 30349.
January 14th. (1796)
this date being in S. I's handwriting as also the "Herald"
Shakspeare & Anna Hatheway

Mr Editor,

Fishguard
South Wales
Jany 9th.

After professing to owe to your very entertaining publication for some time past the little knowledge I have had of what is passing in the world, I hold myself more particularly indebted to it since the appearance of some lines ascribed to Shakspeare, for the recollection of a circumstance which may be the means of preserving several curious memorials of the life & genius of our immortal Bard.

About thirty years ago, when a schoolboy, I remember to have passed a Christmas vacation at the house of an old Lady a relation of mine in Wales, one of whose Ancestors had married one of the family of the Hatheways of Warwickshire, where I saw & was much delighted with a manuscript volume in 4to richly habited in crimson velvet, inscribed on the cover, in embroidery of gold "The Swan of Avon" containing Poems from Shakspeare to Anna Hatheway, before & after his marriage with her, & from her to him (for she too had tasted of Helicon), together with letters etc. Being a favourite of the old Lady's she indulged me, as a proof of it, with the perusal of the rare Collection on which she set a high Value, & the beauties of which she took particular pleasure to point out to me, discovering in all her observations profound judgment & elegant taste. The union of the names Hatheway & Shakspeare, lately in your Paper, revived the memory of those days, & though the house I refer to, had undergone many revolutions in that time, & my acquaintance with it was almost worn out, I was resolved to renew it, for the purpose of making enquiries after the old velvet-clad manuscript, which I was so fortunate as to find & be put in possession of, just in time to rescue it from oblivion. But from the place being a damp closet, unconscious of air or fire for twenty years, & the state it was discovered in, with its magnificent clothing in tatters, & leaves stuck together I trembled for its contents, yet after using as much art & pursuasion as the unrolling Editors of the Herculanean Fragments, I hope I shall be able to retrieve nearly the whole of this curious miscellany, though by a process which obliges me to sacrifice the original to the transcript. Amongst other pieces already recovered & transcribed are "Advice & Instructions to a Young Actor" in which occurs all that is said in his Hamlet on that subject amplified, the satirical Ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy who had prosecuted him from being concerned in robbing his Deer Park, & an interesting Memorandum, by which it appears that the book in question was the handwriting of Anna Hatheway, & was presented by her, as a memorial of affection, to her cousin Judith Hatheway, who I presume was the same person that married in Wales - I send you a specimen of Anna Hatheway's Poetry, the peculiar neatness of which will, I trust, procure it admission in your page, & which, should you signify that such contributions would be acceptable may, previous to these being offered entire to the public, be followed occasionally by other morceaux of this inspired pair, noless simple, poetical, & impassioned.

B.B.

To the Youthe of Mie Harte. W. Shakspeare

Proude is thie Anna, sith 'tis nott
Of everie vyllage mayde the lott
To boaste a swayne to whome belonge,
Like thee, suche witching charmes of songe

Other youthes have talked and prest,
Mie eare was shult, and flinte my brest,
As well to trie the oake to bende,
Or the Adamante to rende!

Butt Willie's laye, suche magicks in't
Reach'd mie harte throw all the flinte,
Of Orpheus what the Poets faigne
Is realys'd in Willie's straine.

Noe longer colde, mie brest supplyes
A elymat filte for hatcheing sighes,
And lyned with downe from Venus' dove,
Mie harte is nowe the neste of Love

Anna Hatheway

[xxx The Editor deems himself highly favoured by the above communication, & begs leave to solicit the continuance of so valuable a correspondent.]

Extract from (The Morning) Herald Feb. 28 (1796)
"Herald Feb 28" in M.S.
The following poem is reprinted in "A Tour in Search of Genealogy".

Shakspeare and Anna Hatheway
From the Manuscript Collection of Poems, Letters &c. written by W. Shakspeare, Anna Hatheway &c, lately found in Wales.

To her owne Louynge Willie Shakspeare
From mie throane in Willie's love,
Whilest moare than roialle state I prooue,
Circledd proude withe mirtle crowne,
I onne Englaunde's Queene looke downe.

And proude thie Anna welle maie bee,
For Queenes themselves mighte envie mee,
Whoe scarce in palloces cann finde
Mie Willie's forme, withe Willie's minde.

Gentleman's Magazine

Select Poetry, for March, 1811.

Although the following is assigned to the Mistress of Shakspeare, we will not under-[illegible] for its authenticity.

To the Beloved of the Muses and Mee.

SWEET Swanne of Avon, thou whoose art
Can mould at will the human hart,
Can drawe from all who reade or heare
The unresisted smile and teare—

By thee a vyllage maiden found,
No eare had I for measured sounde;
To dresse the fleese that Willie wrought,
Was all I knewe, was all I sought.

At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe,
Enamoured of thy songe I grewe;
The distaffe soone was layd aside,
And all my woorke thie straynes supply'd.

Thou gavest at first th' enchanting quill,
And everie kiss convey'd thie skill:
Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell
The wondrouse force of such a spell.

Nor marvel if thie breath profuse
A charme repleate with everie Muse:
They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thyne
Distill theire sweetes improved on mine.

Anna Hatheway.

According to Fenton's Tour in Quest of Genealogy, 1811, these verses were sent by him in a letter to his correspondent "Charles" on Nov. 14. 1807. The Gents. Mag. probably obtained the copy of the above verses from the "Tour" after publication.

Montague Talbot

STORY OF THE OLD BELFAST THEATRE.

A FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER.

BY W. J. LAWRENCE.

OF the few noted men who ruled in by-gone times over the destiny of the Northern stage none were so widely accomplished nor so splendidly dowered with histrionic gifts as the well-graced Montague Talbot. A scion of the noble house of Shrewsbury, this celebrated actor-manager was born in Boston, in America, in 1774. His mother had gone there from England not long before, having accompanied her husband, the Hon. George Talbot, on his appointment to the command of a man-of-war in those waters. Eight years later the boy's father was lost off the coast of Caffraria in the Grosvenor, East Indiaman, and left four children, of whom Montague was the youngest. In an interesting memoir of the actor published in "Walker's Hibernian Magazine" for March, 1805, we learn that "his mind in earliest infancy

MONTAGUE TALBOT
As Monsieur Morbleau, in "Monsieur Tonson."—From a Water Colour Drawing by Samuel Lover, in the Collection of Mr. W. J. Lawrence.

received a strong predilection for the profession of his father, which the unfortunate fate of the latter by no means lessened; but the trembling mother, who had seen his father, three uncles, and his elder brother, in the flower of youth, cut off in the profession of arms, anxiously exerted authority and persuasion to divert him from a military or naval life, fondly entertaining sanguine hopes of seeing him rise to the very first eminence in the law, a situation which some of his name and family had filled with the greatest ability and integrity." After receiving a sound education at a seminary in Exeter, he went to London in 1789 and entered at the Temple, contracting an intimacy with the subsequently notorious W. H. Ireland, the occupant of adjacent chambers in a narrow court. It is believed now that Talbot, while cognisant of the deception practised by his friend in connection with the spurious Shakespearean documents, was not actually a participant in the fraud.

A few years later society experienced one of its periodical attacks of "actingitis," and Montague, who had retained theatrical aspirations ever since he had spouted at school, was among the earliest victims. Taking an eager share in some amateur performances given by the Margravine of Anspach, his head soon became turned by the flattery of the crowd. EEnthusiasm carried him to such a pitch that he determined to forsake the law, and go upon the stage. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain by this change of attitude. People of rank and fashion deemed it fitting to fret and strut now and again on the amateur stage by way of relieving the tedium of idleness; but the player by profession was still a pariah of the most hopeless type. Social ostracism was not the worst fate that befell young Talbot. His maternal uncle, the celebrated Dr. Geech, on hearing of his decision, revoked a will in which he had been constituted joint heir to a fortune of some sixty thousand pounds.

Montague stood to his guns, and his cousin, the Rev. Dr. Crossman, inherited the entire sum. To the consternation of his family, Talbot made his debut at Covent Garden on January 13, 1794, as Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas," a character in which, according to the "Hibernian Magazine," although earlier journals spoke less glowingly, "he evinced much genuine talent, though accompanied with a wildness that required restraint and experience to guide it. The applause bestowed on him fixed his choice for a theatrical life, and after repeating the character a few nights with increasing effect, he accepted an engagement proffered to him by one of Mr. Daly's agents, and shortly afterwards appeared in the character of Hamlet at Crow street Theatre. Finding, however, that theatrical performances at this time were not very reputable, and quite unfashionable in public estimation, some feelings of delicacy induced him to be advertised by his Christian name, which he received from his godfather, the late Admiral Montagu. His reception here, considering the torpor which pervaded all ranks respecting the theatre was highly flattering; but amongst those parts which evinced the possession of talent which would rise to the first rank of eminence, may be reckoned George Barnwell and Cheveril, his years and feeling so corresponding with the picture drawn of the first, and a lively, warm, and already correct and spirited delineation of the latter, seemed to rouse and reanimate in the public mind a large portion of that theatrical enthusiasm which had formerly existed, but was at this time almost extinct.

While in Dublin Talbot contracted a friendship with Charles Mathews, the elder, which was eventually to develop into lifelong bitterness, and jealousy. Being in a somewhat delicate state of health, Montague was readily persuaded to accompany his young friend on a journey to London. On their way thither, in October, 1795, they acted for a few nights at Swansea, but there they seem to have parted, and not long afterwards Talbot returned to Dublin. In August, 1798, while the rebellion was at its height, "Mr. Montague," as he was still called, left "Buck" Jones's company, and repaired to Liverpool, where he at once became a general favourite. There he was associated with Charles Mayne Young (soon to prove himself one of the great Hamlets of the nineteenth century), whom he found as a raw recruit in Aickin's company, and so far infected him with his style of tragic acting, that the influence was abiding and salutary. Tradition has it that when Young met Talbot at Belfast, thirty years later, he cheered the declining spirit of his old confrere by assuring him that whatever measure of success he had attained was due to early emulation of his tragic abilities.

Talbot's Liverpool success carried him to Drury Lane, where he made his first appearance, under his real name, on April 27, 1799, in his favourite character of Young Mirabel. Like many another good actor he lingered in this cemetery for reputations for a couple of seasons, without adding a cubitt to his artistic stature, until finally ill health and disappointment urged him to take a rest. In the course of a few months he returned to Ireland and remained here a conspicuous figure in the theatrical world, till death wrote "finis" to the story. His first appearance in Belfast, with the conduct of whose dramatic affairs he was to be so long and so honourably identified, was made in December, 1800. While at Londonderry on the October previous he had married an actress, Miss Emily Binden, a Limerick lady of respectable antecedents, who, on becoming his wife, retired permanently from the stage. Two years later, or in September, 1802, he returned to Belfast to give leading support to Mrs. Siddons during her memorable engagement there, but despite the fact that he was liked as Horatio in "The Fair Penitent," he was too fine a light comedian to shine in the buskin, and so failed to give satisfaction in all his characters. Subsequently he returned to Dublin as a leading member of the Crow street company, and during the season of 1803-4 gave admirable impersonations of Ranger in "The Suspicious Husband," Young Wilding in "The Liar," and Heartall in "The Soldier's Daughter." At this juncture appeared Croker's anonymously issued "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones on the Present State of the Irish Stage," a slashing satire that sold like hot cakes, and effected a temporary improvement in the tone of the Dublin drama. Of all the players dealt with by the malignana Croker none were half so leniently handled as Talbot:—

A trifling air and girlish form,
Ill-fitted to the tragic storm;
A baby face that sometimes shows
Alike in transports or in woes,
Will ne'er permit him to resemble,
Or soar the tragic flights of Kemble.
Yet in some scenes together placed
With greater feeling, equal taste,
From a judicious audience draws
As much and as deserv'd applause.
But whatsoe'er his tragic claim
He rules o'er comedy supreme;
By Art and Nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit.
Not Harris's nor Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury Lane affords,
Can paint the rakish Charles so well—
Give so much life to Mirabel;
Or show for light and airy sport
So exquisite a Doricourt.

An actor of extensive range, grave and gay by turns, Talbot possessed peculiar excellence as a gentlemanly light comedian, and was looked upon by Mrs. Jordan as the best Mirabel of his time. He was especially happy, moreover, i nthe portrayal of comic Frenchmen. Perhaps his finest effort in that line was as the bewildered Morbleau in "Monsieur Tonson," a character in which his portrait was painted by Samuel Lover. Describing his personal appearance in 1805, Walker's "Hibernian Magazine" records that "Mr. Talbot is about thirty years of age, his figure is tall, slender, and flexible; his face (which, with a dark complexion, large dark eyes, and well-formed eyebrows, give him much the appearance of a foreigner) is small, but very expressive; his voice possesses naturally very agreeable tones, but is sometimes, by the warmth of his feelings, excited to a pitch beyond its strength, and is then discordant."

In 1809 Talbot purchased the Belfast, Newry, and Derry Theatres, then forming what was once known as a theatrical circuit, and down to the period of his death, a score of years later, exercised a beneficent influence on the trend of the Drama in Ulster. In Belfast he fostered the budding talents of many a brilliant recruit, giving counsel very opportunely to Miss O'Neill, Miss Smithson, and Benjamin Webster. There, too, he became friendly with Sheridan Knowles, the actor-pedagogue, and on February 13, 1815, produced, for the first time on any stage, Knowles's tragedy of "Caius Gracchus," himself playing the leading part. Towards the close of the previous year Talbot had fulfilled an important engagement in Dublin, and found himself spoken of by the *Evening Post* as "the only person who can play the fine gentleman like one on the stage."

Having some slight literary faculty, Talbot varied his duties as actor-manager by occasionally writing a little play. On March 11, 1816, he brought out at Belfast a curious monologue called "Myself, or the Plural Singular," a free adaptation from his own pen of "Le Babillard." When the piece was subsequently produced at Crow street in December, 1817, the Dublin *Evening Post* in commenting upon Talbot's acting said:—"And what is really extraordinary, the whole of the farce, from the rising of the curtain to its fall, is spoken by himself. It is the most amusing, and certainly the most successful, dramatic effort as exhibited by an individual we ever witnessed. The groundwork of this piece is a courtship, in which Mr. Talbot as Capt. Allclack is a suitor whose extraordinary volubility renders all the other characters mute, and so versatile are his powers, so various and rapid are his transformations, that the other characters cannot find room to edge in a word, and by this he overcomes all obstacles to his union with the object of his pursuit. All the imitations are admirably sustained, but his representation of the Frenchman is, no doubt, unrivalled on the stage."

In the autumn of 1816 Talbot repaired to Limerick, where he had undertaken the management of a theatre, urged thereto, in all likelihood, by his wife's relatives in the neighbourhood. Although she had retired from the stage on her marriage, Mrs. Talbot gave able assistance to her husband in his various theatrical adventures, and was once unflatteringly described by Charles Mathews as "the greatest intriguer in the world."

When the Crow street Theatre opened for the season on November 27, 1817, Talbot commenced a remunerative engagement there in playing Charles in "Man and Wife," and Young Wilding in "The Liar." He was warmly welcomed by the Press, the *Dublin Evening Post* going so far as to ask "Need we say that Mr. Talbot, after an absence of two years, was received with those marks of respect and approbation which his conduct as a gentleman in private life, and his great merits as an actor must ever secure him? . . . If it be true, as reported, that some of Mr. Talbot's provincial speculations have, in consequence of bad times, proved injurious to his fortunes, we trust he will again return as a stationary member of the Dublin company."

Talbot worked all his country theatres with the one staff, playing a few months in the year in each, but finding the journey from Belfast to the South very irksome for his players, he sold the Limerick theatre in 1818, and built a new one in Drogheda. Three years later he leased the rights of the Northern circuit to Mason, and after a professional visit to Scotland, returned to Dublin to take up his position there as principal light comedian at the new Theatre Royal in Hawkins street.

His first appearance at that house was made on Monday, October 29, 1821, as Doricourt. Fully a quarter of a century had elapsed since he had first made his bow to a Dublin audience, and, judging him by the time limit, some of the critics hinted that he should resign these frothy, volatile characters to younger men. "We know this gentleman is a great favourite," says the trenchant little "Theatrical Observer," "and we can only for our own part say that we wish his claim upon admiration were ten thousand times their present amount. Still we confess when we got a glance at him we could not help thinking of the good old gentlewoman who played Juliet for six and forty years. We are afraid, Mr. Talbot will find it at length impracticable to be perpetually the young man of five and twenty." Notwithstanding these and similar strictures, Talbot proved a great attraction, and livelier acting on his part caused the critic to modify his opinion. His greatest hit during the season was made in the extravagant character of Morbleu in the farce of "Monsieur Tonson," an entertaining, if somewhat complicated, after-piece, not long produced at Drury Lane. Emboldened by his success in this whimsical role, Talbot wrote a sequel to the farce called "Morbleu Restored, or the Ancien Regime, brought out for his benefit on May 18, 1822. Although an inferior effort, the dialogue was pointed and well-written. In the eyes of the Dublin audiences Talbot became so strongly identified with the character of the old French emigre that when Charles Mathews attempted to play it in the dear dirty city in 1824 the gallery raised a cry for their favourite, and barely permitted the great comedian to finish the part. Mathews never again visited Dublin, and when pressed to return, invariably replied—"Talbot, Talbot." The old gallery cry was apparently engraved on his heart. Rightly or wrongly, Mathews looked upon Talbot as the instigator of the outrage, and sought to retaliate by enlisting on his side the unscrupulous pens of the English hireling Press. Paragraphs cropped up here and there referring to the vagaries of one "Paddy" Talbot, whose notions of acting were said to be peculiar. Among other eccentricities, it was rumoured that "he discharged the duties of the Ghost in "Hamlet" with tin eyes fastened over his own to do away with speculation, and a sort of revolving ambient motion, under the idea that an immaterial, disembodied spirit should not stand as if fixed to earth, but float ethereally." It was, furthermore, stated that more than one Hamlet had been seriously disconcerted by this puzzling conduct on the part of his father's shade.

In later years Dame Fortune dealt poor Talbot many a rude buffet, and sinking finally under his burden of losses and sorrows, he died at Belfast on April 26, 1831. His favourite daughter, Emily, a Roman Catholic, had passed away only a couple of months previously. On his deathbed he expressed a wish to be buried with her: and so it is that Montague Talbot, although in life a Freemason and a Protestant, sleeps the last sleep in an unmarked grave in the old Catholic cemetery of Friar's Bush.

THE OLD BELFAST THEATRE.

This historic old edifice first opened its doors on February 25, 1793, and was ultimately pulled down in 1871. It stood on the site now occupied by the Theatre Royal, Arthur square.

Walker's Hibernian Magazine for March 1805. has a full page print of "Mr Talbot in the character of Young Mirabel. & states "In the summer of 1800 Talbot engaged to perform a few nights at the Theatres of Belfast & Derry where the celebrated & beautiful Miss Binden was on a similar visit & they were married at Derry in the Oct. of that year.

The Dublin Theatre Royal was in Crow Street

Extract from Sam. Ireland's Journal.

Oracle Oct. 3rd 1795 "The Mr. Talbot, whom in Douglas we thought too much in the Operatic manner, is now playing with Daly in the part of Lewis, with very whimsical effect. Bye the bye, this Gentleman, together with young Mr. Ireland, has Covered the Shakespere MSS, and he is coming up to Town to look after their success".

1795. Oct.31. I went to Mr.Webb's at Brasted in Kent to stay for a few days,and when I left London I begged my family would let me know by letter the instant that Mr.Talbot came to Town,who was d daily expected,in order that I might obtain from him some information relative to the discovery of the Shakespeare Papers.

On the 5th.Nov.I received a line from my daughter Jane saying that Mr.Talbot came to Town the day before and would dine with them on the 6th.on the Friday -

Accordingly I came instantly to Town and on the 6th. Mr.Talbot came to dinner when I pressed him much for the information I wanted and he said he would give it to me at his lodgings in Vine St. Piccadilly if I would go up there after I had dined,which with reluctance I did - and found him with his brother and Mr.Cole the Apothecary,very busy in packing up his trunks &c.

After waiting some time and pressing him very much to write me some account of ye nature of ye discovery of ye Shakespeare Papers, he took up ye pen and paper and began to write,when after writing two or three lines he desisted and with some eagerness,begged I would excuse him till he got into Wales where he would write me a long and just account of ye whole transaction - I expressed myself at his conduct much hurt and dissatisfied,as having given me the trouble to come so far for no purpose,but was at length o obliged to submit and come away with much uneasiness at his conduct and when I reached home I then said"Mr.Talbot had not used me well" - and that he seemed afraid to disclose anything of the business,and this after repeated until his letter came to hand which was three weeks afterwards.(see the letter in question p.)

Nov.9.1795. I being desirous of getting every information from my son relative to the nature of ye discovery of the Papers and their validity,applied to my son for such information as he could give me previous to my intended Preface to ye publication which I wished to bring forward about Christmas next.

Accordingly he wrote the following particulars - and being desirous of further proof to corroborate what he had said I applied to Mr.Talbot when he was in Town for his opinion on the subject which he would not then give,but said he would answer me when he got to Carmarthen,this he did but took much longer time than was consistent with propriety,however at length he wrote (see the letter in question p.)

Wm.Hy.Ireland's account referred to above.G.H.L.

I was at Chambers when Talbot called in and shewed me a deed signed Shakespeare,I was much astonished and mentioned the pleasure my Father would receive could he but see it.Talbot then said I might shew it,I did not for two days,and at the end of that term gave it to me. I then pressed hard to know where it was found. After two or three days had elapsed he introduced me to the party,he was with me in the room,but I took little trouble in searching I found a second deed and a third and two or three loose papers.

We also discovered a deed which ascertained to the party landed property of which he had then no knowledge,in consequence of having found this he told me we might keep every deed,every scrap of paper relative to Shakespeare.Little was discovered in Town but what is above mentioned but the rest came from the country owing to the papers having been removed from London to the country many years ago. Nov.10th.1795.

A short time after this letter of Mr.Talbot's (it is dated Nov.17 Nov.1795.) came to hand,which I believe was about ye latter end of Nov.1795. my son brought me the Deed of Trust therein mentioned,from Shakespeare to Heminge,but without any erasure as mentioned by Talbot in ye foregoing letter - I had indeed repeatedly told my son,that if any erasure was made or paper stuck over any name,I would not wish to have it,conceiving that that such circumstance would invalidate ye Deed and I could not consistently lay it before the Public.

Montague Talbot

[illegible] the pound of the London Journals respecting the vagaries introduced by Talbot in the Ghost of Hamlet's father. It was called Paddy Talbot by those writers that always know everything of everybody.

Talbot was prided himself on his relationship to a branch of the English family of that celebrated name, so renowned in the history of Shakspeare's idol, Harry of Monmouth.

Tyrrel Jones was considered only in a secondary degree to Talbot in Dublin, though better known to the metropolitan public. He was not so fastidious as his brother Comedian Talbot in respect to the rank of his society. As long as the party had the manners & appearance of respectability he was satisfied; in fact Jones had a benefit in view, & he always had a "bumper", while Montague Talbot attended the Herald's Office to see if Mr. So-and-so was a fit & proper companion to associate with, that the high blood in his veins might not be disgraced

Talbot had gained great renown in the manner in which he delivered Collin's' unequalled "Ode on the Passions" but he acknowledged a superior mode of rendering it, in Miss Smith who was called The second Mrs. Siddons.

Sheridan Knowles was an actor in the Theatre in Belfast which was under Talbot's management.

Extracts from "Familiar Epistles to Fred.k J—s (Jones) Esq. On the Present state of the Irish Stage. Dublin 1804 (by Croker.) The alterations in the 2.nd edition are shewn in red ink

First Talbot ※ comes - the first indeed --
But fated never to succeed
In the discerning eyes of those
Who form their taste on Kemble's nose,
And deem that Genius a dead loss is
Without dark ~~eye~~ brows & long proboscis.
Talbot ~~is~~ certainly must despair
To rival Kemble's sombrous stare,
Or reach that quintessence of charms
With which black Roscius ~~folds~~ moves his arms.
A trifling air, & ~~stripling~~ girlish form,
Ill fitted to the tragic storm;
A baby-face that sometimes shews
Alike in transports ~~as~~ or in woes,
Will ne'er permit him to resemble
Or soar the tragic flights of Kemble;
Yet in some of.o scenes together placed,
~~With~~ His greater feeling - equal taste
From a judicious audience draws
As much and as deserved applause.
He reigns o'er comedy supreme - ✠
~~By all and~~ And shows by nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit;
Not Harris's nor Colman's boards,
~~Not~~ Nor all that Drury Lane affords,
Can paint the rakish Charles ‡ so well,
~~Or~~ Give so much life to Mirabel, ‡
Or shew for light and airy sport
So exquisite a Dorincourt. ‡
Sometimes it seems that thoughts arise
That cloud his brow, & dim his eyes, —
Buried be such within his breast
There whilst he's acting let them rest;
Nor on his countenance be shewn,
Whining mirth & maudlin fun; —
Nor let him, negligent of grace,
Swing his arms & writhe his face,
Nor sway & balance with his form,
Like sailors walking in a storm;
But move the course, by Garrick ✠ track'd in,
And act - as if he were not acting; —
So every tedious ordeal passed,
Fortune must Crown his toils at last.

※ Talbot. Tho' I have so fully given my opinion of Talbot in verse, let me however add in prose, that I fear he is not quite so great a favourite behind the curtain as he is before it — I should wish to see him oftener.

✠ Tullus Ausidius in Coriolanus, & Lisimachus in Alexander, (amongst many others of his parts) are fine specimens of his ability — whether it arises from emulation or chance, I cannot determine; but he certainly plays best, when he plays with Kemble.

✠ Let me not be understood to represent Talbot as a perfect comic actor, when I only consider him, as the least distant from excellence, of any that I have lately seen. — Proximus, sed intervallo.

‡ Charles, Mirabel, & Dorincourt. I have seen him play, at least the two former of those characters at Drury-lane with universal admiration. — Mrs. Jordan (no very bad judge) thinks him, as I am told, the best Mirabel on the stage.

✠ See Retaliation.

Extracts from "A Few Reflections Occasioned by the Perusal of a Work Entitled "Familiar Epistles to Frederick J—s Esq. On The Present State of the Irish Stage". Dublin 1804.

Excellencies & faults while Performing.

Mr. Talbot

Plays with judgement & ease to himself. In the lively parts of genteel comedy, his mien is most gentlemanly, his manner cheerful & sprightly, his elocution distinct & correct, his action — very well.

Faults

Rants a little too violently.

Tears a passion (but not to rags) often trips over, then walks the stage - sometimes giggles & gives his arms too much liberty.

Extracts from Saml Ireland's Journal (Mrs Freeman's thoughts on the subject of the MSS. Papers.

When Mr.Talbot was in Town, I mentioned to him the extreme liberalty of their mutual friend,the proprietor of the MSS. who we had been told had made Sam independant by giving him an Estate of £300 a year. That, he said was very extraordinary and he much wondered it had been kept a secret from him, as he assured me that he had never heard one word of it, and he seemed to think that himself should have been first provided for;

I talked no more on the subject,but could have informed him that we had been told there was an excellent old House on the Estate and that the Cellar was well stocked with good old port, the situation of the House was most beautiful being near the Sea and within 4 or 5 miles of his Friend's noblenMansion.

The Steward too had been with him on business and to sign some Deeds, they dined together a little way out of Town and for his dinner the old man chose beefsteak and onions, which said onion sauce was served up in a punch bowl,we were also told he had been introduced to two gentlemen who were to be his neighbors in the country. I

About the 6th.Nov.1795: When Mr.Talbot was last in Town, I shewed him a Letter to myself from the supposed donor of the Shakespeare MSS. which he perused, I then asked him if he knew the hand, to which he replied Yes,certainly;I then told him it had been taken for a lady's hand, at which he smiled and said, It was not written by a lady - I then told him of the having been promised a most beautiful writing desk which had been minutely described to me by Sam, who say'd it had been long finishedcall but about an hours work and that it had been paid for some months, but the fellow had neglected to send it. I was likewise asked whether I would not chuse to have my cypher incaged on the top,to which I replied, NO. It would be paying the Gentleman a compliment to have the initials of his own name which were M.H. on all the letters I receive - I told Talbot I knew I should never have the piece of furniture his reply was - be assured you will, you may depend on it, but it has never yet made its appearance neither the Copy of Verses from Shakespeare to Queen Elizabeth, which I had been repeatedly promised by Sam - On my often pressing him for the Writing Desk he assured me I should have it & described the curious mechanism of it & likewisethe stained leather cover lined with green baize that was made for it -

Mrs Freeman said to Wm. Hy. Ireland.

If Talbot and you were to die,I think you have often said the whole secret must be known ? I do'nt say that, The World has got hold of a wrong notion about Talbot,he is no more concerned in the business than you or my sisters ; Why ? did he not give you the first paper ? He said himself he did ? That is another thing,I do'nt say anything about that - I think your Father or Mr.W.ought to see the things mentioned in the Schedule but particularly the miniature picture,and your Father I am sure would enter into any agreement not to shew,or make any use of them - Mr.W. will determine that.-

March 3rd 1796. Wm. Davies to Saml Ireland

Apologizes for this intrusion being a stranger and requests Montagu Talbot's address - Has heard him speak much of the honour of Mr Ireland's acquaintance, when in Dublin. Reply to Atkinson's Hotel Dean Street, Soho.

The Hon. John Byng writing to Saml Ireland Aug. 18th 1796 giving S. I an account of W. H. I^d's tour in Wales says:-
"Mrs Wonder furnished him with an excellent plot for a play which he "said he would directly set about - Thus ends the third act of this "eventful play, and there may be more acts to be produced.. "In the 4th Talbot may come upon the stage - and in the 5th - the "Truth may come out.

W. H. Ireland writing to the Hon. John Byng dated Aug 1796. says.
"As to writing to my father or taking the Oath he requires I certainly "will do neither as it would bring on fresh altercations, as to the Oath "I cannot do it without being guilty of Perjury for at the time he "alludes to and wishes me to make the Oath no person but Talbot "and myself knew of the Business, how can I then swear there was "a third person. I am convinced Talbot would not take such an Oath "he says in his letter if I will join in it, that he will take it, he must "certainly know I should not do any such thing and thereby throws it "off himself upon my shoulders."

W. H. Ireland writing to the Hon. John Byng Sept 28th 1796 states his want of means to live and his desire to find work says
"I shall write to Talbot as you hinted my Dr Sir and tell him my "present situation - I shall not neglect Mr Wallis."

precisely the same, upon receipt of any letter had only to place the same upon the correspondence received, when that part of the epistle which was intended should be understood became instantly apparent, while the farrago of nonsense with which the remainder of the lines was filled up was of course hidden from observation, leaving the sense only of the letter apparent to the eye as before stated.

Mr Talbot's Return from Ireland.

Having so much penmanship to execute, I became less frequent in addressing Mr Talbot; so that a small portion of the play of Vortigern & Rowena was composed ere Mr Talbot heard that I had embarked in any such daring enterprise. Upon this occasion (having heard it reported in Dublin that such a drama was coming forward which had been discovered with the other Shakesperian manuscripts) despatched a letter to me indicatory of his astonishment that I should not have confided the fact to him, which also concluded with informing me that he was then on the very eve of quitting Dublin, on his return to this country; & indeed scarcely were ten day elapsed from the receipt of this epistle ere Mr Talbot in person presented himself to me; when I made every apology for my remissness in not having written, stating, in extenuation of my conduct (what was no other than fact), that I was literally so harassed in mind, from the various compositions in which I had embarked, as to be wholly unmindful of every other consideration: & indeed on Mr Talbot's inspection of the papers at Mr Ireland's house, even he himself was astonished at the numerous manuscripts produced, & the variety of the documents which I had composed during his absence.

Voluntary Offer of Mr Talbot's Literary Abilities

As Mr Talbot was a friend of the Muses, he became anxious to add a portion of his own composition in the course of the production of the Vortigern; & as his continuance in London was but for a few days, I promised that I would send to him, when at Dublin, the plan of some of the scenes of the Vortigern, leaving the language to himself; which when remitted to me, I was to copy in the disguised hand upon the old papers. Having entered into this agreement, Mr Talbot shortly after quitted London for Dublin; but I refrained from dispatching such plans of the scenes as promised, from a conviction that the style of what should be remitted to me by Mr Talbot would differ from my own most materially: in addition to which as Mr Talbot had not been so accustomed to the old method of composition as myself, I thought that the introduction of two such opposite styles of writing must tend to a discovery of the fabrication of that drama: & under these assurances seconded by a degree of vanity which prompted me to aspire solely to the production of the piece, I did not consult Mr Talbot on the subject, but completed the play without any aid whatsoever on his part.

Private Interview with Mr Talbot & our Agreement &c.

During Mr Talbot's short continuance in London, as various doubts were then hazarded in opposition to the validity of the manuscripts, I prevailed upon that gentleman to join me in the story related: in consequence of which it was agreed between us, that he should forward a letter to Mr Samuel Ireland, after his departure from London, acquainting him that "he was likewise present with me on the discovery of the papers." And it was also settled between us, that the name of the supposed donor of the manuscripts should be stated in future as commencing with the letter H. At this private interview, when the above agreement took place, we also mutually destroyed every letter which had previously passed between us; so that no one document then existed to prove the fact respecting the fabrication of the papers by myself. And immediately after this meeting, Mr M. Talbot again set out for Dublin.

Under the foregoing heads is contained every statement with regard to Mr Montagu Talbot's discovery of the transaction & his subsequent connection with me in the business; & it is but justice in me to remark, in the present instance, that every step thus taken by Mr Talbot was only done at my most earnest request, in order that he might in some measure extricate me from the laby-rinth of perplexity wherein I had so innocently involved myself.

Prelude to a Proof

A letter came to me from Ireland, part of which I have here deemed it necessary to insert, as it not only goes to prove the statement as to our mutual agreement respecting H. previous to his departure, but also tends to establish the veracity of my assertion; as will be explained under the article which follows the ensuing quotation.

Talbot

(8)

Montague Talbot.

Extracts from W. H. Ireland's "Confessions" 1805

p. 120 to

First Acquaintance with Mr Talbot.

I shall now advert to a very momentous period, when the whole Shakespearian fabric might instantly have been overturned, as I was then placed at the mercy of a gentleman who had it in his power to betray me.

Some months after my articles had commenced, I formed an acquaintance with Mr Montague Talbot; who like myself was placed with a conveyancer, in order to his studying the law, but whose pursuits were much more calculated to fit him for the business of the theatre. As our meetings were very frequent, I became desirous of introducing Mr Talbot to Mr Samuel Ireland; which circumstance soon took place; when Mr Talbot became a constant visitant in Norfolk Street.

Mr Talbot's Shrewd Surmise

The close connection which took place between Mr Talbot and myself made that gentleman perfectly well acquainted with my research after antiquities &c; on which account I was frequently the object of his ridicule.

Some time after this friendship was formed, Mr Talbot quitted London for a few weeks, & during his absence I embarked in the Shaksperian fabrication; for had I been subject as usual to the frequent calls of Mr Talbot, I could never have followed up my plans with such perseverance and escaped detection. On the return of Mr Talbot he visited as usual in Norfolk Street; where he inspected the several documents at that time given in to Mr S. Ireland. At our next meeting (being as before stated, well acquainted with my pursuits, and having seen me imitate old hand-writings) he laughingly told me that he was well convinced the deed of Fraser & the other papers were my own fabricating. To this charge I boldly pleaded the negative; though all my assurances were insufficient to convince him to the contrary of his own assertion.

Mr Talbot's Discovery of the Forgery

For some days the business went on as usual, & I was particularly guarded as to the keeping of a watchful eye upon every individual who approached the chambers; for I was well convinced that Mr Talbot's perseverance would not be easily lulled, as he frequently came in upon me so suddenly that I was with infinite difficulty enabled to conceal from his observation the manuscript on which I then chanced to be engaged. One day, however, Mr Talbot found means to elude my observation, by bending himself double, & in that position creeping beneath the window at which I was accustomed to write: thus unobserved he suddenly darted into the chambers, & ere I could find means to conceal the document whereon I was then occupied, he arrested my arm & by this strategem became at once acquainted with the whole mystery. Fully aware that the anger of Mr S. Ireland would be directed against me in full force were the fabrication discovered to him, I supplicated Mr Talbot to pledge me his honour that he would never divulge the truth, unless I was desirous that the fact should be made public; to which request he acceded; & it is but justice in me to state, that he never in any one instance was led to divulge the fact, although in the sequel of the transaction he had almost sufficient ground to warrant such a procedure, from the disagreable circumstances attendant on his having interfered for me in the progress of the fabrication.

Mr Talbot's Mysterious Method of Corresponding.

After some time had elapsed from Mr Talbot's becoming acquainted with the fact, his attachment to theatrical pursuits prompted him to relinquish the study of the law, & he in consequence determined on visiting Dublin; whither he at length set out, after a promise on my part that I would regularly correspond with him, & give a detail of the various documents which I should fabricate during his absence. After two letters had passed between us, wherein I mentioned without disguise every composition in which I was engaged, Mr Talbot recommended that we should in future correspond in a manner which should be unintelligible to any other person but ourselves, should any letter be by chance mislaid or miscarry. The talisman adopted on this occasion was a sheet of paper having several pieces cut from different parts of it; which when desirous of writing, was place on a sheet of post paper; when the communication to be made was written on the parts of the post paper appearing through the holes so made in the mutilated sheet; after which the blanks left were filled up with answers, so as to render the whole unintelligible. Mr Talbot & myself having each a sheet of paper cut

Photograph of the row of Office buildings in New Inn. The writer closely inspected them some few years before 1890.
Mrs. Mathew's account of Talbot's discovery of the fabricator was not quite accurate. Talbot's own account though more detailed than Wm. Hy's agrees fairly well with the latter.
Both Wm. Hy. and Talbot worked in seperate adjacent front rooms on the first floor.
On the outside of this row of office buildings there was a ledge, or string-course running for the whole length of the block.
Talbot passed out of his window with his toes supported by the ledge retaining his left hand on his own window until he was enabled to release it by grasping Wm. Hy's window with his right hand where Wm. Hy was at work.
The window sill was at a height of two or three feet above the table at which Wm. Hy. was at work, and Talbot stooping down to remain unseen after reaching the window, suddenly sprang through it and discovered the fabricator at work.

but the clerk
in charge of the accounts
will get proposals of the
to obtain tenders to the
support the Corporation
has left Kent but
the entirely of his
Mongrel to Chudleigh
My Lord the Rajah
wished to relinquish
left Kent from
Knighton